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THE GOOD TIME COMING.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 223.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was not until the middle of the succeeding week that Mr. Markland returned from New York. He had a look of care, that did not escape the observation of his wife. To her inquiries as to the cause of his prolonged absence, he replied vaguely, yet with reference to some business of vast magnitude, in which he had become interested. Two days passed without allusion, on either side, to the subject of their daughter's relation to Mr. Lyon, and then, to some question of Mrs. Markland, her husband replied in so absent a way, that she did not press the matter on his attention. Fanny was reserved and embarrassed in the presence of her father, and evidently avoided him.

More than a week went by in this unsatisfactory manner, when, on returning one day from the city, Mr. Markland showed an unusual elation of spirits. As soon as there was an opportunity to be alone with his wife, he said:

"I may have to be absent several weeks."

"Why so?" she asked quickly, as a shadow fell over her face.

"Business," was briefly answered.

Mrs. Markland sighed, and her eyes fell to the floor.

"I have been a drone in the world's busy hive long enough, Agnes; and now I must go to work again, and that in right good earnest. The business that took me to New York, is growing daily in importance, and will require my best thought and effort. The more thoroughly I comprehend it, the more clearly do I see its vast capabilities. I have already

embarked considerable money in the enterprise, and shall probably see it to my interest to embark more. To do this, without becoming an active worker and director, would neither be wise nor like your husband, who is not a man to trust himself on the ocean of business, without studying well the charts, and, at times, taking fast hold upon the rudder."

"You might have been so happy here, Edward," said Mrs. Markland, looking into his face, and smiling feebly.

"A happy idler! Impossible!"

"You have been no idler, my husband, since our retirement from the city. Look around, and say whose intelligence, whose taste, are visible wherever the eye falls?"

"A poor, vain life, for a man of thought and energy, has been mine, Agnes, during the last few years. The world has claims on me beyond that of mere landscape gardening! In a cultivation of the beautiful alone, no man of vigorous mind can, or ought to rest satisfied. There is a goal beyond, and it is already dimly revealed, in the far distance, to my straining vision."

"I greatly fear, Edward," replied his wife, speaking in her gentle, yet impressive way, "that, when the goal you now appear so eager to reach, is gained, you will see still another beyond."

"It may be so, Agnes," was answered, in a slightly depressed voice; "yet the impulse to bear onward to the goal now in view is not the less ardent for the suggestion. I can no more pause than the avalanche once in motion. I must onward in the race I have entered."

"To gain what, Edward?"

"I shall gain large wealth."

"Have we not all things here that heart can desire, my husband?"

"No, Agnes," was replied with emphasis.

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"What is lacking?"

"Contentment."

"Edward!" There came a quick flush to the brow of Mrs. Markland.

"I cannot help the fact, Agnes," said Mr. Markland. "For months I have suffered from a growing dissatisfaction with the fruitless life I am leading."

"And yet, with what a fond desire we looked forward to the time when we could call a spot like this our own. The world had for us no more tempting offer."

"While struggling up from the valley, we cannot know how wide the landscape will spread beneath our enchanted vision. We fix our eyes on the point to be gained. That reached, we are, for a time, content with our elevation. But, just enough of valley and mountain, stretching far off in the dim distance, is revealed, to quicken our desire for a more extended vision, and soon, with renewed strength, we lift our gaze upwards, and the word 'excelsior!' comes almost unbidden to our lips. There is a higher, and a highest place to be gained; and I feel, Agnes, that there will be no rest for my feet, until I reach the highest."

"Pray heaven your too eager feet stumble not!" almost sobbed Mrs. Markland, with something of a prophetic impulse.

The tone and manner of his wife, more than her words, disturbed Mr. Markland.

"Why should the fact of my re-entering business so trouble you?" he asked. "An active, useful life, is man's truest life, and the only one in which he can hope for contentment."

Mrs. Markland did not answer, but partly turned her face away to conceal its expression.

"Are you not a little superstitious?" inquired her husband.

"I believe not," was answered with forced calmness. "But, I may be very selfish."

"Selfish, Agnes! Why do you say that?"

"I cannot bear the thought of giving you up to the busy world again," she answered, tenderly, leaning her head against him. "Nor will it be done without struggle and pain on my part. When we looked forward to the life we have been leading for the last few years, I felt that I could ask of the world nothing of external good beyond; I have yet asked nothing. Here I have found my earthly paradise. But, if banishment must come, I will try to go forth patiently, even though I cannot shut the fountain of tears. There is another Eden."

Mr. Markland was about replying, when his sister entered the room, and he remained silent.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The conversation was resumed, after they were again alone.

"Grace frets herself continually about Fanny," said Mrs. Markland, as her sister-in-law, after remaining for a short time, arose and left the room.

"She is always troubling herself about something," answered Mr. Markland, impatiently.

"Like many others, she generally looks at the shadowed side. But, Fanny is so changed, that, not to feel concern on her account, would show a strange indifference."

Mr. Markland sighed, involuntarily, but made no answer. He, too, felt troubled, whenever his thoughts turned to his daughter. Yet had he become so absorbed in the new business that demanded his attention, and in the brilliant results which dazzled him, that to think, to any satisfactory conclusion, on the subject of Fanny's relation to Mr. Lyon, had been impossible; and this was the reason why he rather avoided than sought a conference with his wife. She now pressed the matter on his attention so closely, that he could not waive its consideration.

"Mr. Lyon's purposes are not to be mistaken," said Mrs. Markland.

"In what respect?" was evasively inquired.

"In respect to Fanny."

"I think not," was the brief response.

"Has he written you, formally, on the subject?"

"No."

"His conduct, then, to speak in the mildest terms, is very singular."

"His relation to Fanny has been an exceedingly embarrassing one," said Mr. Markland.—

"There has been no opportunity for him to speak out freely."

"That disability no longer exists."

"True; and I shall expect from him an early and significant communication."

"Let us look this matter directly in the face, Edward," said Mrs. Markland, in a sober voice.

"Suppose he ask for the hand of our daughter?"

"A thing not at all unlikely to happen," answered her husband.

"What then?"

"I fear you are prejudiced against Mr. Lyon," said Markland, a little coldly.

"I love my child," was the simple, touching answer.

"Well?"

"I am a woman," she further said, "and know the wants of a woman's heart. I am a wife, and have been too tenderly loved and cared for, not to desire a like happy condition for my child." And she leaned against her husband, and gazed into his face with a countenance full of thankful love.

"Mr. Lyon is a man of honor," said Mr. Markland.

"Has he a tender, loving heart? Can he appreciate a woman?"

"If Fanny loves him —"

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" returned his wife, interrupting him. "She is only a child, and yet incapable of genuine love. The bewildering passion this man has inspired in her heart, is born of impulse, and the fires that feed it are consuming her. As for me, and I speak the words thoughtfully and sadly, I would rather stretch forth my hand to drop flowers on her coffin, than deck her for such a bridal."

"Why do you speak so strongly, Agnes? You know nothing against Mr. Lyon. He may

be all you could desire in the husband of your child."

"A mother's instincts, believe me, Edward, are rarely at fault here."

Mr. Markland was oppressed by the subject, and could not readily frame an answer that he felt would be satisfactory to his wife. After a pause, he said:

"There will be time enough to form a correct judgment."

"But, let us look the matter in the face now, Edward," urged his wife. "Suppose, as I just suggested, he ask for the hand of our daughter; a thing, as you admit, likely to happen. What answer shall we give? Are you prepared to give a decisive reply?"

"Not on the instant. I should wish time for consideration."

"How long?"

"You press the subject very closely, Agnes."

"I cannot help doing so. It is the one that involves most of good or evil in the time to come. All others are, for the present, dwarfed by it into insignificance. A human soul has been committed to our care, capable of the highest enjoyments, or the deepest misery.—An error on our part may prove fatal to that soul. Think of this, Edward! What are wealth, honor, eminence, in comparison with the destiny of a single human soul. If you should achieve the brilliant results that now dazzle your eyes, and in pursuit of which you are venturing so much, would there be anything in all you gained, to compensate for the destruction of our daughter's happiness?"

"But why connect things that have no relation, Agnes? What has the enterprise I am now prosecuting to do with this matter of our daughter?"

"Much, every way. Does it not so absorb your mind, that you cannot think clearly on any other subject? And, does not your business connexion with Mr. Lyon bias your feelings unduly in his favor?"

Mr. Markland shook his head.

"But think more earnestly, Edward. Review what this man has done. Was it honorable for him so to abuse our hospitalities as to draw our child into a secret correspondence? Surely, something must warp your mind in his favor, or you would feel a quick indignation against him. He cannot be a true man, and this conviction every thing in regard to him confirms. Believe me, Edward, it was a dark day in the calendar of our lives, when the home circle at Woodbine Lodge opened to receive him."

"I trust to see the day," answered Mr. Markland, "when you will look back to this hour, and smile at the vague fears that haunted your imagination."

"Fears? They have already embodied themselves in realities," was the emphatic answer.

"The evil is upon us, Edward. We have failed to guard the door of our castle, and the enemy has come in. Ah, my husband! if you could see with my eyes, there would stand before you a frightful apparition."

"And what shape would it assume?" asked

Mr. Markland, affecting to treat lightly the fears of his wife.

"That of a beautiful girl, with white, sunken cheeks, and hollow, weeping eyes."

An instant paleness overspread the face of Mr. Markland.

"Look there!" said Mrs. Markland, suddenly, drawing the attention of her husband to a picture on the wall.

The eyes of Mr. Markland fell, instantly, on a portrait of Fanny. It was one of those wonders of art that transform dead colors into seeming life, and, while giving to every lineament a faultless reproduction, heightens the charm of each. How sweetly smiled down upon Mr. Markland the beautiful lips; how tender were the loving eyes that fixed themselves upon him, and held him almost spell-bound!

"Dear child!" he murmured, in a softened voice, and his eyes grew so dim that the picture faded before him.

"As given to us!" said Mrs. Markland, almost solemnly.

A dead silence followed.

"But, are we faithful to the trust? Have we guarded this treasure of uncounted value?—Alas! Alas! Already the warm cheeks are fading; the eyes are blinded with tears. I look anxiously down the vista of years, and shudder. Can the shadowy form I see be that of our child?"

"Oh, Agnes! Agnes!" exclaimed Mr. Markland, lifting his hands, and partly averting his face, as if to avoid the sight of some fearful image.

There was another hushed silence. It was broken by Mrs. Markland, who grasped the hand of her husband, and said, in a low, impressive voice:

"Fanny is yet with us—yet in the sheltered fold of home, though her eyes have wandered beyond its happy boundaries, and her ears are hearkening to a voice that is now calling to her from the distance. Yet, under our loving guardianship, may we not do much to save her from consequences my fearful heart has prophesied?"

"What can we do?" Mr. Markland spoke with the air of one bewildered.

"Guard her from all further approaches of this man; at least, until we know him better. There is a power of attraction about him that few so young and untaught in the world's strange lessons as our child, can resist."

"He attracts strongly, I know," said Mr. Markland, in an absent way.

"And, therefore, the greater our child's danger, if he be of evil heart."

"You wrong him, believe me, Agnes, by even this intimation. I will vouch for him as a man of high and honorable principles," Mr. Markland spoke with some warmth of manner.

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" exclaimed his wife, in a distressed voice. "What has so blinded you to the real quality of this man? 'By their fruit ye shall know them.' And is not the first fruit we have plucked from this tree bitter to the taste?"

"You are excited and bewildered in thought," said Mr. Markland, in a soothing voice. "Let us waive this subject for the present, until both of us can refer to it with a more even heart-beat."

Mrs. Markland caught her breath, as if the air had suddenly grown stifling.

"Will they ever beat more evenly?" she murmured, in a sad voice.

"Why, Agnes! Into what a strange mood you have fallen. You are not like yourself."

"And I am not, to my own consciousness.—For weeks it has seemed to me as if I were in a troubled dream."

"The glad waking will soon come, I trust," said Mr. Markland, with forced cheerfulness of manner.

"I pray that it may be so," was answered in a solemn voice.

There was silence for some moments, and then the mother's full heart overflowed. Mr. Markland soothed her with tender, hopeful words, calling her fears idle, and seeking, by many forms of speech, to scatter the doubts and fears, which, like thick clouds, had encompassed her spirits.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

From that period, Mr. Markland not only avoided all conference with his wife, touching their daughter's relation to Mr. Lyon, but became so deeply absorbed in business matters, that he gave little earnest thought to the subject. As the new interests in which he was involved grew into larger and larger importance, all things else dwindled comparatively.

At the end of six months he was so changed that, even to his own family, he was scarcely like the same individual. All the time he appeared thinking intensely. As to "Woodbine Lodge," its beauties no longer fell into thought or perception. The charming landscape spread itself woefully before him, but he saw nothing of its varied attractions. Far away, fixing his inward gaze with the fascination of a serpent's eye, was the grand result of his new enterprise, and all else was obscured by the brightness of a vortex towards which he was moving in swiftly closing circles. Already, two-thirds of his handsome fortune was embarked in this new scheme, that was still growing in magnitude, and still, like the horse-leech, crying, "Give! Give!"—All that now remained was "Woodbine Lodge," valued at over twenty-five thousand dollars.—This property he determined to leave untouched. But, new calls for funds were constantly being made by Mr. Fenwick, backed by the most flattering reports from Mr. Lyon, and his associates in Central America, and at last the question of selling or heavily mortgaging the "Lodge," had to be considered. The latter alternative was adopted, and the sum of fifteen thousand dollars raised and thrown, with a kind of desperation, into the whirlpool which had already swallowed up nearly the whole of his fortune.

With this sum in his hands, Mr. Markland went to New York. He found the Company's agent, Mr. Fenwick, as full of encouraging words and sanguine anticipations as ever.

"The prize is just within our grasp," said he, in answer to some close inquiries of Markland. "There has been a most vigorous prosecution of the works, and a more rapid absorption of capital, in consequence, than was anticipated; but, as you have clearly seen, this is far better than the snail-like progress at which affairs were moving when Mr. Lyon reached the ground.—Results which will now crown our efforts in a few months, would scarcely have been reached in as many years."

"How soon may we reasonably hope for returns?" asked Mr. Markland, with more concern in his voice than he meant to express.

"In a few months," was answered.

"In two, three, or four months?"

"It is difficult to fix an exact period," said Mr. Fenwick, evasively. "You know how far the works have progressed, and what they were doing at the latest dates."

"There ought to be handsome returns in less than six months."

"And will be, no doubt," replied the agent.

"There *must* be," said Mr. Markland, betraying some excitement.

Mr. Fenwick looked at him earnestly, and with a slight manifestation of surprise.

"The assessments have been larger and more frequent than was anticipated. I did not intend embarking more than twenty thousand dollars in the beginning; and already some sixty thousand have been absorbed."

"To return you that sum, twice told, in less than a year, besides giving you a position of power and influence that the richest capitalist in New York might envy."

And, enlarging on this theme, Fenwick, as on former occasions, presented to the imagination of Mr. Markland such a brilliant series of achievements, that the latter was elevated into the old state of confidence, and saw the golden harvest he was to reap, already bending to the sickle.

Twice already, had Markland proposed to visit the scene of the Company's operations, and as often had Mr. Fenwick diverted his thought from that direction. He now declared his purpose to go out at an early date.

"We cannot spare you from our councils at home," said Mr. Fenwick, pleasantly, yet with evident earnestness.

"O, yes, you can," was promptly answered. "I do not find myself of as much use as I desire to be. The direction at this point is in good enough hands, and can do without my presence. It is at the chief point of operations that I may be of most use, and thither I shall proceed."

"We will talk more about that another time," said Mr. Fenwick. "Now, we must discuss the question of ways and means. There will yet be many thousand dollars to provide."

"Beyond my present investment, I can advance nothing," said Mr. Markland, seriously.

"It will not be necessary," replied Mr. Fenwick. "The credit of the Company—that is, of those in this and other cities, including yourself, who belong to the Company, and have the chief management of its affairs—is good for all we shall need."

"I am rather disappointed," Markland said, "at the small advances made, so far, from the other side of the Atlantic. They ought to have been far heavier. We have borne more than our share of the burden."

"So I have written, and expect good remittances by next steamers."

"How much?"

"Forty or fifty thousand dollars, at least."

"Suppose the money does not come?"

"I will suppose nothing of the kind. It must, and will come."

"You and I have both lived long enough in the world," said Mr. Markland, "to know that our wills cannot always produce in others the actions we desire."

"True enough. But there are wills on the other side of the Atlantic, as well as here, and wills acting in concert with ours. Have no concern on this head; the English advances will be along in good season. In the mean time, if more money is wanted, our credit is good to almost any amount."

This proposition in regard to credit, was no mere temporary expedient, thought of at the time, to meet an unexpected contingency. It had been all clearly arranged in the minds of Fenwick and other ruling spirits in New York; and Markland was not permitted to leave, before his name, coupled with that of "some of the best names in the city," were on promissory notes for almost fabulous amounts.

Taking into account the former business experience of Mr. Markland, his present reckless investments, and still more reckless signing of obligations for large sums, show how utterly blind his perceptions, and unsettled his judgment had become. The waters he had so successfully navigated before, were none of them strange waters. He had been over them with chart, compass, and pilot, many times before he adventured for himself. But now, with a richly freighted argosy, he was on an unknown sea.—Pleasantly the summer breeze had wafted him onward for a season. Spice-islands were passed, and goldenshores revealed themselves invitingly in the distance. The haven was almost gained, when along the far horizon, dusky vapors gathered and hid the pleasant land.—Darker they grew, and higher they arose, until at length the whole sky was draped, and neither sun nor stars looked down from its leaden depths. Yet, with a desperate courage, he kept steadily onward, for the record of observations since the voyage began was too imperfect to serve as a guide to return. Behind was certain destruction; while beyond the dark obscurity, the golden land of promise smiled ever in the glittering sunshine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Markland's determination to visit the scene of the Company's operations, was no suddenly formed impulse; and the manifest desire that he should not do so, exhibited by Mr. Fenwick, in no way lessened his purpose to get upon the ground as early as possible, and see for himself how matters were progressing. His

whole fortune was locked up in this new enterprise, and his compeers were strangers, or acquaintances of a recent date. To have acted with so much blindness, was unlike Markland; but it was like him to wish to know all about any business in which he was engaged. This knowledge he had failed to obtain in New York. There his imagination was constantly dazzled; and while he remained there, uncounted treasure seemed just ready to fall at his feet. The lamp of Aladdin was almost within his grasp. But, on leaving Fenwick, and his sanguine associates, a large portion of his enthusiasm died out, and his mind reached forth into the obscurity around him, and sought for the old landmarks.

On returning home from this visit to New York, Mr. Markland found his mind oppressed with doubts and questions that could neither be removed nor answered satisfactorily. His entire fortune, acquired through years of patient labor, was beyond his reach, and might never come back into his possession, however desperately he grasped after it. And "Woodbine Lodge,"—its beauty suddenly restored to eyes from which scales had fallen—held now only by an uncertain tenure, a breath might sweep from his hand.

Suddenly, Markland was awakened, as if from a dream, and realised the actual of his position. It was a fearful waking to him, and caused every nerve in his being to thrill with pain. On the brink of a gulf he found himself standing, and as he gazed down into its fearful obscurity, he shuddered, and grew sick. And now, having taken the alarm, his thoughts became active in a new direction, and penetrated beneath surfaces which hitherto had blinded his eyes by their golden lustre. Facts and statements which before had appeared favorable and coherent, now presented irreconcilable discrepancies; and he wondered at the mental blindness which had prevented his seeing things in their present aspects.

It was not possible for a man of Mr. Markland's peculiar temperament, and business experience, to sit down idly, and, with folded hands, await the issue of this great venture.—Now that his fears were aroused, he could not stop short of a thorough examination of affairs, and that, too, at the chief point of operations, which lay thousands of miles distant.

Letters from Mr. Lyon awaited his return from New York. They said little of matters about which he now most desired specific information, while they seemed to communicate a great many important facts in regard to the splendid enterprise in which they were engaged. Altogether, they left no satisfactory impression on his mind. One of them, bearing a later date than the rest, disturbed him deeply. It was the first, for some months, in which allusion was made to his daughter, for whose hand no formal application had yet been made. The closing paragraph of this letter ran thus:

"I have not found time, amid this pressure of business, to write a word to your daughter for some time. Say to her that I ever bear her in respectful remem-

brance, and shall refer to the days spent at Woodbine Lodge, as among the brightest of my life."

There had been no formal application for the hand of his daughter, up to this time; yet had it not crossed the thought of Markland that any other result would follow; for the relation into which Lyon had voluntarily brought himself, left no room for honorable retreat. His letters to Fanny more than bound him to a pledge of his hand. They were only such as one bearing the tenderest affection might write.

Many weeks had elapsed since Fanny received a letter; and she was beginning to droop under the long suspense. None came for her now, and here was the cold, brief reference to one whose heart was throbbing towards him full of love.

Markland was stung by this evasive reference to his daughter, for its meaning he clearly understood. Not that he had set his heart on an alliance of Fanny with this man, but, having come to look upon such an event as almost certain, and regarding all obstacles in the way as lying on his side of the question, pride was severely shocked by so unexpected a show of indifference. And its exhibition was the more annoying, manifested, as it was, just at the moment when he had become most painfully aware that all his worldly possessions were beyond his control, and might pass from his reach forever.

"Can there be such baseness in the man?" he exclaimed, mentally, with bitterness, as the thought flitted through his mind, that Lyon had deliberately inveigled him, and having been an instrument of his ruin, now turned from him with cold indifference.

"Impossible!" he replied, aloud, to the frightful conjecture. "I will not cherish the thought for a single moment."

But a suggestion like this, once made to a man in his circumstances, is not to be cast out of the mind by a simple act of rejection. It becomes a living thing, and manifests its perpetual presence. Turn his thought from it as he would, back to that point it came, and the oftener this occurred, the more corroborating suggestions arrayed themselves by its side.

Mr. Markland was alone in the library, with Mr. Lyon's hastily read letters before him, and yet pondering, with an inquiet spirit, the varied relations in which he had become placed, when the door was quietly pushed open, and he heard light footsteps crossing the room. Turning, he met the anxious face of his daughter, who, no longer able to bear the suspense that was torturing her, had overcome all shrinking maiden delicacy, and now came to ask if, inclosed in either of his letters, was one for her. She advanced close to where he was sitting; and, as he looked at her, with a close observation, he saw that her countenance was almost colorless, her lips rigid, and her heart beating with an oppressed motion, as if half the blood in her body had flowed back upon it.

"Fanny, dear!" said Mr. Markland, grasping her hand tightly. As he did so, she leaned

heavily against him, while her eyes ran eagerly over the table.

Two or three times she tried to speak, but was unable to articulate.

"What can I say to you, love?" Her father spoke in a low, sad, tender voice, that to her was prophetic of the worst.

"Is there a letter for me?" she asked, in a husky whisper.

"No, dear."

He felt her whole frame quiver, as if shocked.

"You have heard from Mr. Lyon?" She asked this, after the lapse of a few moments, raising herself up as she spoke, and assuming a calmness of exterior that was little in accord with the tumult within.

"Yes. I have three letters of different dates."

"And none for me?"

"None."

"Has he not mentioned my name?"

A moment Mr. Markland hesitated, and then answered—

"Yes."

He saw a slight, quick, flush mantle her face, that grew instantly pale again.

"Will you read to me what he says?"

"If you wish me to do so," Mr. Markland said this almost mechanically.

"Read it." And, as her father took from the table a letter, Fanny grasped his arm tightly, and then stood with the immovable rigidity of a statue. She had already prophesied the worst. The cold, and to her, cruel words, were like chilling ice drops on her heart. She listened to the end, and then, with a low cry, fell against her father, happily unconscious of further suffering. To her, these brief sentences told the story of unrequited love. How tenderly, how ardently he had written a few months gone by; and now, after a long silence he makes to her a mere incidental allusion, and asks a "respectful remembrance!" She had heard the knell of all her dearest hopes. Her love had become almost her life, and to trample thus upon it, was like extinguishing her life.

"Fanny! Love! Dear Fanny!" But the distressed father called to her in vain, and in vain lifted her nerveless body erect. The oppressed heart was stilled.

A cry of alarm quickly summoned the family, and for a short time, a scene of wild terror ensued; for, in the white face of the fainting girl, all saw the image of death. A servant was hurriedly despatched for their physician, and the body removed to one of the chambers.

But motion soon came back, feebly, to the heart; the lungs drew in the vital air, and the circle of life was restored. When the physician arrived, nature had done all for her that could be done. The sickness of her spirit was beyond the reach of any remedy he might prescribe.

CHAPTER XXX.

The shock received by Fanny, left her in a feeble state of mind, as well as body. For two or three days she wept almost constantly.—Then a leaden calmness, bordering on to stupor,

ensued, that, even more than her tears, distressed her parents.

Meantime, the anxieties of Mr. Markland, in regard to the business in which he had ventured more than all his possessions, were hourly increasing. Now, that suspicion had been admitted into his thought, circumstances which had before given him encouragement, bore a doubtful aspect. He was astonished at his own blindness, and frightened at the position in which he found himself placed. Altogether dissatisfied with the kind and amount of information to be gained in New York, his resolution to go south was strengthened daily. Finally, he announced to his family that he must leave them, to be gone at least two or three months. The intelligence came with a shock that partially aroused Fanny from the lethargic state into which she had fallen. Mrs. Markland made only a feeble, tearful opposition. Upon her mind had settled a brooding apprehension of trouble in the future, and every changing aspect in the progression of events, but confirmed her fears.

That her husband's mind had become deeply disturbed, Mrs. Markland saw but too clearly; and that this disturbance increased daily, she also saw. Of the cause, she had no definite information; but it was not difficult to infer that they involved serious disappointments in regard to the brilliant schemes which had so captivated his imagination. If these disappointments had thrown him back upon his home, better satisfied with the real good in possession, she would not very much have regretted them. But, on learning his purpose to go far south, and even thousands of miles beyond the boundaries of his own country, she became oppressed with a painful anxiety, which was heightened, rather than allayed, by his vague replies to all her earnest inquiries in regard to the state of affairs that rendered this long journey imperative.

"Interests of great magnitude," he would say, "require that all who are engaged in them should be minutely conversant with their state of progress. I have, long enough, taken the statements of parties at a distance; now I must see and know for myself."

How little there was in all this to allay anxiety, or reconcile the heart to a long separation from its life-partner, is clear to every one. Mrs. Markland saw that her husband wished to conceal from her the exact position of his affairs, and this but gave her startled imagination power to conjure up the most frightful images. Fears for the safety of her husband during a long journey in a distant country, where few traces of civilization could yet be found, were far more active than concern for the result of his business. Of that she knew but little; and so far as its success or failure had power to effect her, experienced but little anxiety. On this account, her trouble was all for him.

Time progressed until the period of Markland's departure was near at hand. He had watched, painfully, the slow progress of change in Fanny's state of mind. There was yet no

satisfactory aspect. The fact of his near departure had ruffled the surface of her feelings, and given a hectic warmth to her cheeks, and a tearful brightness to her eyes. Most earnestly had she entreated him, over and over again, not to leave them.

"Home will no longer be like home, dear father! when you are far absent," she said to him, pleadingly, a few days before the appointed time for departure had come. "Do not go away."

"It is no desire to leave home that prompts the journey, Fanny, love," he answered, drawing his arm around her, and pressing her closely to his side. "At the call of duty, none of us should hesitate to obey."

"Duty, father?" Fanny did not comprehend the meaning of his words.

"It is the duty of all men to thoroughly comprehend what they are doing, and to see that their business is well conducted at every point."

"I did not before understand that you had business in that distant country," said Fanny.

"I am largely interested there," replied Mr. Markland, speaking as though the admission to her was half extorted.

"Not with Mr. Lyon, I hope!" said Fanny, quickly, and earnestly. It was the first time she had mentioned his name since the day his cold allusion to her had nearly palsied her heart.

"Why not with Mr. Lyon, my child? Do you know anything in regard to him that would make such a connexion perilous to my interests?" Mr. Markland looked earnestly into the face of his daughter. Her eyes did not fall from his, but grew brighter, and her person became more erect. There was something of indignant surprise in the expression of her countenance.

"Do you know anything in regard to him that would make the connexion perilous to my interests?" repeated Mr. Markland.

"Will that man be true to the father, who is false to his child?" said Fanny, in a deep, hoarse voice.

He looked, long and silently, into her face, his mind bewildered by the searching interrogatory.

"False to you, Fanny?" he at length said, in a confused way. "Has he been false to you?"

"Oh, father! father! And is it from you this question comes!" exclaimed Fanny, clasping her hands together, and then pressing them tightly against her bosom.

"He spoke of you in his letter with great kindness," said Mr. Markland. "I know that he has been deeply absorbed in a perplexing business; and this may be the reason why he has not written."

"Father!"—Fanny's words were uttered slowly and impressively—"if you are in any manner involved in business with Mr. Lyon—if you have anything at stake through confidence in him—get free from the connexion as early as possible. He is no true man. With the fascinating qualities of the serpent, he has also the power to sting."

"I fear, my daughter," said Mr. Markland, "that too great a revulsion has taken place in

your feelings towards him. That wounded pride is becoming unduly active."

"Pride!" ejaculated Fanny—and her face, that had flushed, grew pale again—"Pride! Oh, father! how sadly you misjudge your child. No—no. I was for months in the blinding mazes of a delicious dream; but I am awake now—fully awake, and older—how much older, it makes me shudder to think—than I was when lulled into slumber by melodies so new, and wild, and sweet, that it seemed as if I had entered another state of existence. Yes, father, I am awake now; startled sudden from visions of joy and beauty into icy reality, like thousands of other dreamers around me.—Pride? O, my father!"

And Fanny laid her head down upon the breast of her parent, and wept bitterly.

Mr. Markland was at a loss what answer to make. So entire a change in the feelings of his daughter towards Mr. Lyon, was unsuspected, and he scarcely knew how to explain the fact. Fascinated as she had been, he had looked for nothing else but a clinging to his image, even in coldness and neglect. That she would seek to obliterate that image from her heart, as an evil thing, was something he had not for an instant expected. He did not know how, treasured up in tenderest infancy, through sunny childhood, and in sweetly-dawning maidenhood, innocence and truth had formed for her a talisman, by which the qualities of others might be tested. At the first approach of Mr. Lyon, this had given instinctive warning; but his personal attractions were so great, and her father's approving confidence of the man so strong, that the inward monitor was unheeded. But, after a long silence, following a series of impassioned letters, to find herself alluded to in this cold and distant way, revealed a state of feeling in the man she had loved so wildly, that proved him false beyond all question.—Like one standing on a mountain top, who suddenly finds the ground giving way beneath his feet, she felt herself sweeping down through a fearfully intervening space, and fell, with scarcely a pulse of life remaining, on the rocky ground beneath. She caught at no object in her quick descent, for none tempted her hand. It was one swift plunge, and the shock was over.

"No, father," she said in a calmer voice, lifting her face from his bosom—"it is not pride, nor womanly indignation at a deep wrong. I speak of him as he is now known to me. Oh, beware of him! Let not his shadow fall darker on our household."

The effect of this conversation in no way quieted the apprehensions of Mr. Markland, but made his anxieties the deeper. That Lyon had been false to his child, was clear even to him; and the searching questions of Fanny he could not banish from his thoughts.

"All things confirm the necessity of my journey," he said, when alone, and in close debate with himself on the subject. "I fear that I am in the toils of a serpent, and that escape, even with life, is doubtful. By what a strange infa-

tuation I have been governed! Alas! into what a fearful jeopardy have I brought the tangible good things given me by a kind Providence, by grasping at what dazzled my eyes as of supremely greater value. Have I not been lured by a shadow, forgetful of the substance in possession?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOOKS HAVE SOULS.

The *Morning Star* says that books have souls, and enforces the truth in the following language: "Every book has a soul—it breathes a spirit. This is equally true of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' and the tiniest little leaves that Santa Claus ever shook from his blanket, and of those which bring the elaborate thoughts and pathetic sentiments of the wisest and best of men. Yes, every book has a soul! It is the soul of its author, and, when spread over the pages of the book, that soul acts upon its reader as truly as when acting directly. The person who touches the book, comes in contact with that soul, and is, *volens volens*, affected by it. And no contact with it is more influential. In reading an author's book, you are conversing with him under circumstances very favorable to your becoming like him; for in the book everything is generally deeply thought out in shape to convince, or carefully dressed up in a manner to bewitch. And all this only indicates the necessity of reading with care and caution."

"Think of this fact, parents," adds the *Boston Recorder and Register*, "when purchasing works for your children's reading. Would you have their minds become contaminated with vicious principles, let them read everything that pours forth, like a torrent, from the presses of the day. Remember, while extolling the value of the press, that it is powerful for evil, as it is great for good. Remember that the enemy of souls employs it to disseminate his destructive doctrines, and that he has even more laborers, probably, in his employ, than the Captain of our salvation. Why should we be so careful in regard to the food with which our bodies are nourished, while we pay so little attention to the mental pabulum which our mind receives? Remember, we can as easily plant the seeds of disease in the mind as the body, and that disease planted in the mind is very likely eradicated with more difficulty than from the body. If a fly or an atom, as philosophers inform us, may set in motion a train of circumstances which shall continue as long as the world exists, why may not a book exert an influence which will extend through all eternity? If so, how important that the book be a good one! We fear parents do not sufficiently estimate the importance of this subject."

A cook hearing the lady of the house ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came to tea, laid two extra plates for the supposed visitors.

SARDIS.

A short distance to the east of Smyrna, is the site of what was once the magnificent residence of the opulent kings of Lydia. Sardis, the richest of all the towns in Asia Minor, called by Florus "*a second Rome*," and one of the seven first churches founded by St. John, is now an uninhabited spot in a desert. A few mouldering columns and mutilated fragments of its superb architecture only remain to attest its former magnificence.

A few mud huts, scattered here and there among the ruins, and tenanted by Turkish herdsmen, a mill or two, and the temporary tents of some band of wandering Turcomans, are the only signs of life which meet the awestricken gaze of the traveller.

Sardis is seated on the side of Mount Tmolus, the acropolis being on a lofty hill, one side of which is nearly perpendicular. It is celebrated as being the residence of Cræsus, and was long considered impregnable to the attacks of a besieging army; but the side of the acropolis facing Mount Tmolus having been left unguarded, as totally inaccessible, the soldiers of Cyrus effected an entrance to the city. It then became the residence of the Persian satraps, but in the time of Darius was burnt by the Milesians. It fell into the hands of Alexander after the battle of the Granicus, and he there built a temple to Jupiter Olympius. Sardis afterwards became a Roman city, when it attained its most high and palmy state; but it was greatly damaged by the earthquake which destroyed so many other cities in the time of Tiberius Cæsar. That emperor, however, repaired a considerable portion, and much enriched it, but it did not reach its former splendor.

Since that time Sardis has undergone several changes, and as late as the thirteenth century boasted a numerous population; but it has been rapidly falling to decay, and at the present time is, as we have said, completely abandoned, except by a few Turks. There are among the ruins the remains of the large Temple of Cybele, supposed to have been built between the years 715 and 545, B.C. In 1812 there were three pillars of this temple standing; but from later accounts, we learn that only one now remains, the others having been used by the Turks to convert into lime. In the environs, a colossal tumulus, believed to be the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus, still exists. It is a cone of earth 200 feet high, of which the base, formed, according to Herodotus, who gives the first account of it, of large stones, is 3800 Greek feet in circumference. Colonel Leake regards it as one of the most remarkable antiquities of Asia; and the Greek historian considered it in his time only inferior to the pyramids of Egypt and to the monuments of Babylon. The base is now covered with earth, but the tomb still retains its conical form, and has the appearance of a natural hill. Many other tumuli, but of an inferior size, are found in the neighborhood.

The "hum of many voices," which ever ap-

pears suspended over a large city, and the joyous bursts of feeling which were wont to cheer the hearts of her citizens, unmindful that their flourishing town would be known to future times only by the crumbling masses of her walls—all are now silenced, and the little life that still hovers in the spot, only serves to denote, by contrast, how total is the destruction.

The figures in our engraving will give an idea of the class of persons who now move among the ruins of the proud city of Sardis. Ignorant, poorly clad, and subsisting, it is difficult to say how, the Turcomans who inhabit Sardis are not divested of a species of generosity and noble feeling which we sometimes find among men agitated by the fiercest emotions.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

Stand on the mountain side,
And look abroad o'er all the joyous earth;
Young flowers are flinging incense far and wide,
And the rejoicing streams,
With all their happy gleams,
Sparkle out gladness at the sunshine's birth.
What speaks of hatred here?
On the high mountain, in the leafy grove,
There is no sign of sorrow or of fear;
God speaks through Nature in the tones of love.

The air is breathing balm,
From earth's dim convex, to the circling skies;
It falsely seemeth but a voiceless calm.
These kindly spirits bend,
And with earth's discords, blend
The music of celestial harmonies.
Nor in the warlike guise
Of earth's proud armies do the bright hosts move
But gloriously humble, meekly wise,
God speaks through Angels in the tones of love.

On Zion's holy hill,
"Fairer among ten thousand," who is he
That to the tempest speaketh, "Peace, be still?"
And to the ear of faith
In softest music saith,
"Come, weary-hearted, come to peace and me,"
Come, trusting fearlessly!
"Come—and an easy burden mine shall prove;"
Thus saith "the faithful witness" unto thee,
God speaks through Jesus in the tones of love.

Physician of our souls!
Thy love is ruling over all our days,
Whether the loud-voiced thunder sternly rolls,
Or the low breeze's sigh
Tells, as it echoes by,
Thy loving mercies, and thy equal ways:
No wrath, no pain, no strife,
But peaceful mercy reigns around—above,
O'er all the darkness of an earthly life,
God speaks in all things through the tones of love.

The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of moral death when employed in the service of vice.

COMPLIMENTARY FESTIVAL TO AMERICAN AUTHORS AND BOOKSELLERS.

This brilliant affair, which took place on the evening of the 27th of September, at the Crystal Palace, New York, was one of the most attractive we have ever witnessed. Both in conception and execution, it was highly creditable to the New York Publishers' Association, by which it was originated.

On the evening mentioned, we presented our card of invitation at the entrance, on Fortieth street, and were received by the President and Secretary of the Association, Messrs. W. H. Appleton, and G. P. Putnam, and ushered in among a number of guests who had already arrived. Upon very few of the faces into which we now looked, had our eyes before rested; and we were not fortunate enough to meet with any one who could enlighten us in regard to the individuality of sundry remarkable looking personages, who mingled in the crowd. Irving was there, and for the first time we gazed upon his face, but had not the pleasure of grasping his hand. His placid countenance, and unobtrusive manners contrasted beautifully with the uneasy play of features, and restless moving to and fro of some who courted observation.—Bryant, with his long, white beard, looked like a modern Druid, wanting only a graver aspect. Willis disappointed us most. We could not find in his countenance a reflex of that exquisite sentiment he has embalmed in poetry, and which has made his name a household word.—Dawes, whose muse has slumbered for years, was there also. We hope the inspiration of the scene has re-kindled the fires of poesy, and that the melodies which charmed us in days long past, will again be heard. But this is not the place to linger in personal allusion.

The reception room for authors was on the left of the entrance, and for lady authors on the right. At half-past six we proceeded to the banquet. This was held in the north nave of the Crystal Palace, which was enclosed in the form of a pavillion. Six long tables, stretching from north to south, were flanked at the southern extremity by a dais, upon which rested the table for the speakers and officers for the evening. The dais extended along the eastern and western sides of the room, and supported the table assigned to authors. The tables running down the centre were for publishers, and others connected with the press. Covers were laid for six hundred and fifty persons. Upon each plate was a card, bearing the name of the guest. At each lady's place at table, lay a small bouquet of flowers. Probably not more than fifty ladies were at the tables; but the galleries above were crowded with them, as spectators of the scene. Here was a brilliant array of beauty.—Upon the wainscoting around the enclosure, were arrayed green-house plants and flowers, producing a cheering effect.

The whole edifice was fully illuminated.—The great chandelier of jets under the dome, and the brilliant array of lights in the picture

gallery were all a-blaze. In the nave, where the festivities were prepared, the appearance was magnificent. Besides the tasteful arrangement of flowers and draperies, a beautiful illumination of gas jets was prepared for the occasion. From under the stained roof depended an illumination of gas jets exhibiting, within the dimensions of 20 by 25 feet, in large, blazing letters, the inscription:

"Complimentary Fruit and Flower Festival, given to Authors, by the New York Publishers' Association, September 27th, 1855."

Beneath this, affixed to the gallery, was the Muse of History, in white marble, enclosed in a bower of light formed by gas jets; and above were the words "HONOR TO GENIUS," also written in flame.

The tables were decorated with flowers, ornamental confectionary, and various unique and appropriate devices. There were, as a city paper remarked on the next day, 'fruits, from the blushing peach to the red-lipped melon, and sugar, pastry, cold meat architecture from "Serpents destroying a bird's nest"—not typical of the occasion!—to "Graces supporting baskets of flowers," "ladies' fingers," "jelly kisses,"—how suggestive!—and "almond drops." Then there were all kinds of grapes, apples, pears, and nuts, and creams of every description—all, excepting the latter item, giving the feast an Adam-antine aspect, while even the nuts were Hard Shell. The pastry, &c., was geographical, indicating maps and books of travels.—Read the list: *Charlotte Russe, Champagne Jelly, Swiss Meringues, Macedonian Fruit, French Cream Cake, Bavarian Cheese*, evidently not got up under Know-Nothing auspices. The fruit was romantic and historical: *Marie Louise, Napoleon, Duchess of Orleans, Vicar of Wakefield, Paradise d'Automne, &c., pears, and Pommede de Neigles, and British sweet apples*. The creams were horticultural, and the cold "baked meats," as we have said, pictorial and statuesque.'

No wine or spirits were introduced, but tea and coffee instead. This splendid entertainment was prepared by Coleman & Stetson, of the Astor House, whose entire force of one hundred and fifty waiters was present. All the guests were seated.'

As the company entered, two by two, the banquetting room, they were greeted by music, which was continued at intervals during the evening. After the guests were assembled, Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, invoked a blessing. Half an hour was given to the supper, and then Mr. W. H. Appleton, President of the Booksellers' Association, briefly welcomed the assembled guests. Mr. George P. Putnam, the Secretary, next arose, and prefaced the regular toasts with an admirably conceived address. We give these toasts, seventeen in number:

1. *The Republic of Letters*—Boundless as the world, it should guarantee equal rights to every

section: pure genius should be its only badge of honor, and the sure passport to substantial reward.

AIR.—Behold how brightly breaks the morning.

2. *American Literature*—Its youth gives brilliant promise of an honorable future: may its ripper years show that it has been trained in the right schools.

3. *Literature and Statesmanship*—When we are governed at home or represented abroad by a Wheaton, a Bancroft, an Everett, an Irving, a Marsh, a Hawthorne, a Kennedy; there is a hope for the dignity of the country and the interests of letters.

4. *Our Lady-guests and their Writings*—The *New England Tale* is re-echoed from the *New Home* of the Far West; and from a *Cabin* on the banks of the Ohio, a touch of Nature vibrates among *The Lofty* and *the Lowly* through the *Wide, Wide World*.

5. *The Clergy*—Promoters of useful intelligence and Christian patriotism, their influence on the minds of men should entitle them to the gratitude of all sensible booksellers.

6. *Our Men of Science*—The ends of the earth and the depths of the sea have been explored by their skill and energy, and the world looks with admiration on the results.

7. *The Fine Arts*—The offspring of Free Institutions, and the ornament of a Practical People; their Use lies in their Beauty, and their Beauty lies in their Truth.

8. *The Bench and the Bar*—Illustrated by a Marshall, a Story, a Kent, and a Webster, they prove that Literature and Law may mutually adorn each other.

9. *Institutions of Learning*—The best operators for an active demand in the book market—they will never permit our judicious investments to fall below par.

10. *The Printing Press* of the Age of Steam and Electricity.

11. *Editors of the Newspaper Press*—Guardians of our literature, and sentinels on the watch-towers of our liberties, they wield a power which might dethrone a monarch or elevate a people.

12. *Periodical Literature*.

13. *English Literature, and our Guests who illustrate it*.

14. *The sister cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York*, whose chief magistrates honor us to-night:—While each aims to produce the best books of the best authors, and best regulated homes for them, the more rivalry the better.

15. *The Publishers of Boston*—A Fraternity that has been illustrated by the patriotism of Knox, and the practical intelligence of an Armstrong, a Lincoln and a Brown, may still be proud of the products of their cultivated Fields.

16. *The Publishers of Philadelphia*—Who by honorable enterprise have so magnified the business that numbers Benjamin Franklin among its founders, and which has since been adorned by the Careys, the Thomases, the Griggs and the Harts of the city of Brotherly Love.

17. *The Booksellers of the Union*—So long as they are the mediums for diffusing sound intelligence and the pure products of true genius, they deserve an honorable position in the community; for, in the ordinary business of their lives, they become benefactors to their country.

To these toasts responses were made by W. C. Bryant; Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher (we shall not soon forget his appearance and touching eloquence); Rev. Dr. Osgood; Judge Duer; President Allen, of Girard College; Rev. E. H. Chapin; Henry Ward Beecher; Mr. W. Young, Editor of the *Albion*. Mr. J. T. Fields read a pleasant poem, which was rapturously applauded.

The speaking continued until towards eleven o'clock, when the company separated; not a single incident having occurred to mar the pleasure of the evening.

From the "American Publishers' Circular," we take an alphabetically arranged list of the guests, other than booksellers and the press.

W. H. Allen, LL. D.; T. S. Arthur; M. H. Aldrich; S. Austin Allibone; Prof. Andrews; Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Rev. J. L. Blake, D. D.; Rev. Joseph Banvard; Park Benjamin; Rev. C. L. Brace; J. Rameyn Brodhead; W. C. Bryant; Chas. F. Briggs; Geo. H. Boker; John Brougham; Hon. Henry Barnard; Miss C. E. Beecher; A. W. Bradford, (Surrogate); Chas. Astor Bristed; Hon. J. E. Cooley; Rev. Calvin Colton, D. D.; Prof. Botta; Mrs. Botta; Chas. Burdett; T. M. Brewer, Bost. Atlas; John Bigelow; Hon. James Brooks; Rev. Edw. Bright, D. D.; Rev. S. S. Cutting, D. D.; Miss Alice Cary; Miss Phoebe Cary; Rev. Dr. Chapin; Rev. Dr. Cheever; Rev. Dr. Choules; Peter Cooper; Henry C. Carey; Louis Gaylord Clark; F. S. Cozzens; Chas. A. Dana; Wm. Giles Dix; Rufus Dawes; E. A. Duyckinck; G. L. Duyckinck; Prof. Chas. Davies; Judge Daly; Judge Duer; Hon. W. A. Duer; Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D.; Charles W. Elliot; W. H. Edwards; Mrs. E. F. Ellett; E. W. Ellsworth; Fanny Fern; Prof. Foresti; Hiram Fuller; Prof. J. Frost; Dr. A. K. Gardner; L. A. Godey; R. W. Griswold, D. D.; Count Gurowski; Hon. S. G. Goodrich; Prof. G. W. Greene; W. H. C. Hosmer; A. Oakley Hall; Judge Hall, of Cincinnati; Prof. J. S. Hart; Prof. Hackley; Jas. T. Headley; H. W. Herbert; Richard Hildreth; Prof. Hitchcock; Rev. H. N. Hudson; Rev. Wm. Hague, D. D.; Mrs. Havens; Charles Hale; Washington Irving; P. M. Irving; Judge Jay; Prest. Charles King; Mrs. Kirkland; John Keese; Rev. J. S. Kidney; Miss Leslie; Rev. John Lord; Prof. Loomis; B. J. Lossing; Chas. G. Leland; Sidney E. Morse; S. P. B. Morse; R. J. MacKenzie; Miss Makintosh; Rev. Dr. Magoon; Prof. Mahan; Cornelius Mathews; Pliny Miles; Prof. A. Mills; Morton McMichael; Robert Morris (Phila.); Donald Macleod; Mons. Masseras; A. B. Meek; Rev. L. L. Noble; Prof. J. J. Owen; Rev. S. Osgood, D. D.; F. L. Olmsted; Prof. Olmsted; Mrs. H. A. Olcott; Rt. Rev. Bp. Potter, of Pa.; A. Payne, of Providence; J. Parton; F. B. Perkins; Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D. D.; Rev. W. G.

Richards; Mrs. W. C. Richards; Rev. Edw. Robinson, D. D.; Mrs. Edw. Robinson; Samuel B. Ruggles; Epes Sargent; J. G. Saxe; H. R. Schoolcraft; Mrs. Schoolcraft; Seba Smith; Mrs. Seba Smith; J. V. C. Smith, Mayor of Boston; Rev. A. Spencer, D. D.; Rev. Dr. Spring; R. H. Stoddart; Mrs. A. S. Stephens; Rev. James Scott, D. D.; Bayard Taylor; H. T. Tuckerman; Rev. Robt. Turnbull, D. D.; Mrs. L. C. Tuthill; Rev. Dr. Tyng; T. B. Thorpe; Rev. J. P. Thompson; Dr. Robert Tomes; Rev. H. H. Weld; H. W. Warner; Miss Warner; Miss A. Warner; Horace Webster, LL. D.; Hon. F. Wood, Mayor of New York; Prest. Woolsey, Yale Coll.; George Wood; David A. Wells; N. P. Willis; Richard Willis; Richard Grant White; R. A. West; Rev. W. Woodworth; Wm. Young.

Letters of regret were received from Mr. Prescott; Mr. R. W. Emerson; Prof. Agassiz; Dr. O. W. Holmes; Mrs. Sigourney; Mrs. Sarah J. Hale; Miss Sedgwick; Horace Mann; Francis Lieber; Grace Greenwood; John G. Whittier; Bishop Doane; Jno. P. Kennedy; W. Gilmore Simms, &c.

The number of those who could not, for various reasons, accept the invitation tendered, was over one hundred.

As one of those honored by the New York Publishers with an invitation to this splendid entertainment, we cannot but respond warmly and gratefully. We hope it is but the beginning of a series of annual re-unions of a like character. Toilers in the same fields, why should not authors meet occasionally, mingle, one with the other, and sit down in familiar intercourse. And how much better will it be for authors and publishers to meet, now and then, on a different plain from that of business, and in pleasant, social intercourse, come to know each other more intimately, and have the feelings stirred with a mutual, personal interest.

The language of Mr. Appleton, the President of the Association, in his opening address, was, we believe, no idle expression:—"Under the guise of a light floral banquet, it is very possible," said he "that we may be inaugurating a new era in the history of that trade which ministers to the intellectual wants of a great and powerful people. Our present social gathering of authors and publishers, may lead to unanticipated results. It can hardly fail to promote a good understanding among those who exert an important influence on the education of the national mind, to elevate their views, and give additional union and vigor to their efforts in the great cause to which they are devoted."

We have not space to give the eloquent addresses delivered on the occasion, nor the letters of regret from those who could not attend. The glance at the progress and present condition of literature and book-making in our country, given by Mr. Putnam, was interesting and valuable; we should like to give his address entire.

Many letters from expected guests were read. We make a few extracts. First a paragraph from Mr. Charles Sumner:—"At your table there

will be an aggregation of various genius and talent, constituting a true *Wittenagemote*, which may justly gratify an honest pride of country. But grateful as this may be, as a token of power, it will be more grateful still, as a token of that concord, which is growing among men in all relations of life. The traditional feud between Authors and Publishers promises to lose itself in your Festival, even as the traditional feud between England and France is absorbed in the welcome of Victoria by Louis Napoleon. This is beautiful. And the whole scene, where differing authors commingle, under the auspices of differing publishers, will be an augury of that permanent co-operation of harmony, which will secure to the pen its mightiest triumphs."

Next from Robt. C. Winthrop:—"I know not a body of men within the limits of our wide-spread Republic, who, associated upon just principles, might wield a mightier power for good, than the Publishers and Booksellers of America. The Press, in one of its greatest departments, is in their keeping. Upon them, in no small degree, it depends what shall be the character of the reading, by which the American mind is trained up to the discharge of its unmeasured responsibilities. There is the only *imprimatur* to which a Free People can ever submit. If, associating themselves together in a spirit of patriotism, they would put the ban of their rejection upon every thing which panders to a depraved appetite or palters with a vital truth; they would effect an amount of good which no words could exaggerate, and would avert one huge half of all the danger which is threatening us, that our liberty may run into licentiousness."

Mr. Agassiz wrote:—"My experience of the conditions of Authors and Publishers in the Old as well as the New World, and their relations to one another, might have afforded me the opportunity of making some remarks which may not be without interest. There is, however, one feature to which I desire to call attention, even though absent, and which the recent announcement of my new work on the Natural History of the United States has established beyond question; I allude to the possibility of publishing here, without any other patronage than that of an enlightened community, any scientific work, however expensive, which may be expected to advance the cause of science. When it is remembered the greatest naturalist of our century, Cuvier, died poor, although occupying the greatest stations in public life, and that Humboldt himself has spent a fortune in the publication of his works, it is matter of national importance for America to know that when properly appealed to, her citizens will come forward and effectually support whatever may contribute to her intellectual greatness."

To Prof. Agassiz' great work, which will cost \$120 per set, we learn that nearly 1000 subscribers have already been obtained in this country.

Dr. Francis Lieber remarked in his letter to the Association:—"Your feast is to be a 'fruit festival.' The varied fruits on your wide-spread

tables, under that transparent dome, will be fit representatives of our literature. Nations, as they devoutly pray for the kindly fruits of the earth, ought in like manner to pray for the kindly fruits of the mind. I speak it with reverence, for I mean it literally. And a nation like ours ought fervently to pray that no part of the country should ever be prevented from sending its fruits to similar feasts as domestic productions. Although my daily teaching is political philosophy, I know too well that politics are no appropriate subject to be touched upon on an occasion like this; but it seems to me that when a loyal American and a scholar and author speaks in these times of the Union, he speaks of patriotics, if I may make a word, rather than of politics; and I feel that were I present at your festival, and called upon to give a toast, I should neither trespass the bounds of strict propriety, nor go beyond the literary and bibliopolic character of the festival, were I to propose, 'The whole country—Perish her internal enemies. It is noble, yet easy, for noble men to die for their country; it is nobler, and difficult, to live for her.'

"Your Crystal Palace," wrote Horace Mann, "is as famous a place as Mount Olympus; and the men and women whom you will assemble there, will constitute a much more respectable company, and, I doubt not, will have a longer dynasty than those who convened at the court of Jupiter. If there be any Mythological atheism in this, I hope my classical friends will pardon me. In such a company, it would be an honor to be one of the *Dii Minores*. But I am one of the *Lares* only, stationed at a distant hearthstone, and must remain and take care of the interests of my small family."

From Grace Greenwood's letter we take a sprightly passage:—"For myself, I needed no assurance that this festival will be 'a pleasant and acceptable reunion of those connected in the book-world, both as authors and as business men.' I have long been of the opinion that the prevailing idea of the natural enmity of authors and publishers was a 'popular fallacy.' Rather are they natural allies, with one great common interest at the bottom. I, for one, will not confess to any truth in the satire of the envious and uninvited, who may style this convocation a temporary coalition of hostile classes—a monster 'Happy Family' exhibition. It is rather a friendly and most fitting assemblage of the too long divided household of literature.—The gracious common mother calls them together; and, after gently discoursing on the text, 'Behold how good a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity,' will proceed to feast them into perfect harmony and good feeling.—May you all find 'it good to be there,' and among the luscious fruits spread before you, may no 'apple of discord' have place."

This from Henry Giles:—"Literature is the great common field where all creeds and nationalities can assemble in harmony, and in which the humanities and charities of our race are seen to be immortal and universal. The glory of literature to me is, that it allows nothing

which is nobly *human* to die, and that amidst the clashing of opinions and the changes of ages, this gathers up what is choicest in affection, grandest in sentiment, and truest in thought—from old Homer to old Chaucer—from old Chaucer to young Shakspeare, Bryant, &c., and from Plato to Emerson."

John Grigg, Esq., one of our oldest Philadelphia booksellers, now retired from business, sent the following toast:

American Authors, Publishers and Booksellers.—May they ever zealously endeavor to elevate honest industry, and to convince the rising generation "that knowledge is power, and information capital."

And this must suffice. The only drawback to the pleasure of the occasion, and that all felt to be a serious one, was the absence of a ready means of mutual recognition and acquaintance. Men and women, well known to each other by reputation, and mutually desirous to meet, stood side by side, each ignorant of the other's identity. With one of the speakers, we half regretted that, instead of putting the guests' names on their plates, they had not labelled their persons. It was tantalizing to be moving among friends and compeers, and yet seeing all as strangers.

On the next morning, when we read over the names of guests who were present, our regret was heightened; for we found that many were there whose hands we had desired for years to grasp, and who would, we think, have shared our pleasure, had the privilege of meeting been granted.

But we will not magnify this drawback. It was almost inseparable from the occasion. If the brilliant festival be repeated next year, and we hope it may, provision will no doubt be made for a readier recognition among the guests.

A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.—No young man who has a just sense of his own value, will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth, will be of inconceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, Can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look back upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind; for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened, and elevating. Thus the mind hath in its own power the selection of its themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degraded thoughts; if they only realized how frightful were the moral depravities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul—they would shun them as the bite of a serpent.

Power, when employed to relieve the oppressed and to punish the oppressor, becomes a great blessing.—[*Sui Ji*.]

"GOOD FOR NOTHINGS."

[From "In Doors and Out," a book of pleasant and instructive stories, we take the following sketch of real life:]

CHAPTER I.

"Your girl is a prize, Mrs. Bagley," said Mrs. Veazie, a lady whose physiognomy was rather indicative of a sour temper.

"Bridget is a good girl," responded the lady addressed; "and she has been with me over a year, now."

"Indeed! Over a year! Well, I am astonished! For my part, if I get a good girl, I can't keep her."

"I have been very fortunate in that respect."

"You have, indeed. O, dear! it is really terrible to think how much one is dependent upon these Irish servant girls. They are such lazy, impudent, good-for-nothing creatures, that it is enough to weary out one's life."

"Some of them are. If I had been so unfortunate as to get such a one as you describe, I should instantly discharge her. But very few are of that description."

"Very few! Let me tell you that your girl is one in a thousand Mrs. Bagley. Where you find one who is honest, faithful, and respectful, you will find nine hundred and ninety-nine who are just the reverse."

"I can hardly believe it," replied the good-natured Mrs. Bagley, with a smile of incredulity upon her pleasant features.

"It is as true as the gospel! Why, I have had no less than ten different girls within a year."

"Ten! Is it possible?"

"And my family is no larger, and the work is no harder than yours. Isn't it singular?"

Politeness compelled Mrs. Bagley to answer that it was singular; but, at the same time, she knew that it was not so very singular, after all. If she had felt at liberty to do so, she could have given her friend a solution of the mystery.

"And the girl I have now, I shall be compelled to discharge. She is discontented, insolent, and overbearing."

"I am sorry for you."

"She is a capital girl in every other respect, and I am sorry to part with her. She is a good cook—and, what you don't find in many girls—understands pastry, cake, and puddings."

"Too bad to lose her, isn't it?" said Mrs. Bagley, with a greater appearance of sympathy in her speech than found a place in her heart.

"It is; but one cannot put up with impudence, you know. I would send off the best girl in the world, before I would submit to it."

"Certainly; impudence cannot be tolerated. Can't you teach her better?"

"No; she won't hear to any thing. It was only the other day when I saw her washing the potatoes in the wash-hand basin, that I merely called her a nasty, good-for-nothing hussy; and, don't you think, the impudent jade told me to mind my own business, and not to be

sticking my nose into her affairs! Did any one ever hear the like?"

"Mrs. Bagley only smiled. If she had lived in a less civilized era, perhaps she would have been blunt enough to say that the fault was partly with the mistress, and not wholly with the servant."

"And then she is so ugly," continued Mrs. Veazie, "that I dare not trust my children with her."

"I leave the baby with Bridget for half a day sometimes, and feel perfectly safe."

"My girl don't like children; I know she hates them. Why, only yesterday I told her she might leave the washing for an hour or so, and take Charley out in the little wagon; and, don't you think, she had the impudence to tell me that, if I wanted Charley taken out, I might take him out myself! I never was so provoked in my life."

Mrs. Bagley's good nature was all exhausted; and, at the risk of being deemed uncivil, she had the hardihood to say she never took Bridget away from her washing, unless in a case of absolute necessity.

"Wasn't this a case of absolute necessity?" asked Mrs. Veazie, with rather an uncompromising look upon her sharp features.

Poor Mrs. Bagley! She was in for it, and must needs defend the policy at which she had incautiously hinted.

"I should say not," replied she, not a little fearful that she was about to "stir up strife."

"What would you do? Charley ought to have the fresh air every day."

"I should have taken him out myself; for it is very annoying to a girl to be called away from the wash tub. She has to change her dress, which is a great deal of trouble, and leave her clothes in the water, or on the fire."

"Yes, girls are desperate 'fraid of a little trouble."

"If they feel any pride about their work, they like to have it done in good season, you know."

"And she insists on being absent every fourth Sunday."

"I let Bridget go every third Sunday."

"You do?"

"I think it very reasonable."

"Who gets your dinner Sundays?"

"What little we get, I attend to myself. But we always have baked beans, Sunday, so that I don't have to stay at home from meeting."

"And you wash the dishes yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Veazie in utter astonishment.

"Certainly. The fact is, these Irish girls are human beings, after all, and need a little recreation as well as the rest of us."

"But they take advantage."

"If you give them no advantages, they will take them. I have found out that, the better you use good girls, the more faithfully they will serve you. I make it a point to treat my girl

well; and, having secured her good will, I feel a reasonable assurance that she will do the best she can for me."

"You don't mean to say that I don't treat my girl well?" said Mrs. Veazie, her features coloring under the insinuation she believed was aimed at her.

"Certainly not. My remark was intended to be very general."

Mrs. Veazie went home; and, though she was a little angry with her neighbor, she "set to thinking" upon what she had heard.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Bagley's girl, Bridget, had a bean, and, in the course of events, was married. Her mistress, though exceedingly sorry to part with her, could, of course, make no objections to her working out her woman's destiny. She was a good-hearted person, and did all she could to see the faithful girl, who had been almost a mother to her children, comfortably situated in her new relation.

Her first attempt to procure another good girl proved to be unsuccessful; for the new servant was, beyond the hope of remedy, slovenly and dirty. She was compelled to discharge her.

About this time Mrs. Veazie's girl was discharged. The lady, profiting by the lesson she had received of her neighbor, had for a few months, treated Margaret with kindness and consideration. The change was appreciated by the girl. She was ignorant and headstrong; but neither so ignorant, nor headstrong, as not to be able to understand the meaning of kind words and considerate actions.

Mrs. Veazie was astonished at the change in the temper of the girl; and, for a time, she persevered in maintaining the new order of things. But it is useless for any one to attempt to be gentle and kind in their speech and action, when there is neither gentleness nor kindness in the heart. A "change of heart," in the language of the Scriptures, is as necessary to make an ill-tempered person amiable towards others, as it is in the working out of the more technical "profession" of religion. A "profession" of good nature is the first step towards piety.

When Mrs. Veazie relapsed, Margaret relapsed, and there was strife again. No sooner did the servant observe the unreasonableness of the mistress, than she was in open rebellion again, as saucy as ever.

"I am determined to send her off, Mrs. Bagley," said she, as she was seated with her neighbor one afternoon.

"Send her off! Why, I thought she was doing nicely now."

"So she was; but this morning a couple of tons of coal came, and, as I had no one to get it in, I told her she might do it. I am sure I spoke very pleasantly to her," said Mrs. Veazie, with an abundance of self-complacency.

Mrs. Bagley held up both her hands in astonishment.

"What did she say?"

"She told me very coolly that she had rather not do it. But I was angry then; I thought it was about time to be angry, too, when a girl answered me in that way; so I told her she was a lazy, good-for-nothing minx."

"Did you?"

"Indeed I did."

"Well, what did she say then?"

"The same to yourself, ma'am," says she. She has not been saucy before for a good while."

"Didn't it occur to you that your request was slightly unreasonable?"

"I'm sure it didn't. Why, these girls are used to working in the fields in Ireland, digging turf, and pounding stones. I don't see why they should be so stuck up when they come to America."

"Well, I suppose when they come to a country where even the rights of the poor are respected, they think better of themselves—very naturally, too, I think. But, Mrs. Veazie, if you are going to discharge Margaret, I should like to take her."

"You?"

"If you have no objection."

"Of course not; but she will never suit you, I know."

And Margaret went to live with Mrs. Bagley. She was an able, capable, and industrious girl, and her mistress immediately took a great liking to her. Margaret had her faults, the most prominent of which was a quick temper, that often prompted her to give a saucy, or a spiteful answer before she was aware.

She had not been a week with Mrs. Bagley, before, without a reasonable provocation, she gave her mistress a short and crusty answer. No notice was taken of it, though the point was insisted upon and carried. A few days after, when she got a little perplexed, she was saucy; but Mrs. Bagley was as firm as she was even in her temper, and calmly rebuked the uncivil words. Margaret was abashed by the gentleness and decision of her rebuke, and readily understood with what manner of person she had to deal. She was conquered, and made as good a girl as the most obdurate of servant hunters could possibly desire.

In the course of the year, Bridget's husband was killed on the railroad, and the poor girl found herself again compelled to go out to service. Mrs. Bagley was well suited with Margaret, and did not feel at liberty to discharge her, especially as both parties were satisfied.

Mrs. Veazie had tried half a dozen girls since Margaret had left her, and, as usual, had been unable to retain them. It was with a thrill of satisfaction she heard that Bridget, "the prize of a girl," wanted a place again, and she lost not a moment in making an engagement with her.

About a week after this important event, Mrs. Veazie came in hot haste over to Mrs. Bagley's.

"Don't you think," exclaimed she, out of breath, "that Bridget has given me notice of her intention to leave."

"To leave?"

"Yes; I don't believe she meant to stay when she came."

"I think she did. Bridget wouldn't do a mean action, if she is an Irish girl."

"I don't know about that."

"But how did it happen?"

"Why, she was as saucy as ever Margaret was in the world."

"Bridget? Impossible!"

"I asked her as politely as though she had been a lady, if she wouldn't be so kind as to black Mr. Veazie's boots."

"And she refused?"

"No; she did it. She said she would do it this time, but she had rather not have it as a part of her work."

"You couldn't blame her, could you?"

"Of course I could; and I told her she was a lazy, good-for-nothing vixen, and that she'd have to do it every day, if she staid with me. Why, Irish girls at home have to black their masters' boots."

"But it is not the custom here."

"It ought to be; and I told her, up and down, that she was not what she used to be when she lived with you. Upon that she told me she would leave. Did you ever see such luck as I have?" and Mrs. Veazie puffed with excitement. She really believed she was the most unfortunate woman in the world.

"To be plain with you, Mrs. Veazie, I don't think Bridget was in the least to blame."

"Not to blame?"

"No. When you set your girls to getting in coal, and cleaning boots, you must expect them to be rebellious, especially when you follow it up with such hard words."

Mrs. Veazie went out, and slammed the door after her. She has never crossed the threshold of her friend's door since; but it was a small loss.

The moral of our sketch is sufficiently apparent. When we hear ladies complaining that they can't keep a servant, we are a little disposed to doubt whether the fault is not in part on their side.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Far amid the Southern Ocean
Lies an island bright and green;
Seldom comes the storm's commotion
To disturb the pleasant scene.
Blossom there such wondrous flowers
As in tropic climates spring;
Ereilant birds amid its bowers,
Through the light and darkness sing.

Sings the breeze a song euphonious,
Full of thoughts not breathed in words,
In the cocoa trees, harmonious,
To the warbling of the birds.
To the sounds of ocean billows
Dance the maidens to the light;
And that music yields their pillows
Dreams of tranquil joy at night.

In such lovely scenes how pleasant,
While the hours are flying fast,
Still to live amid the present,
Undisturbed by sorrows past;
With a gentle being near us,
With whose soul our own unites,
In our pensive hours to cheer us,
And to share in our delights.

Thus had mused a youthful seaman,
When he gazed, amid the storm,
In the distant Land of Freemen,
On that island's pictured form;
And that dream, so pleasure laden,
Realized by winds and seas,
Drew him by an Indian maiden,
Sitting near o'erhanging trees.

Near, beside a flashing river,
Friends were bidding friends adieu,
With a warmth that said "forever
Parted now by waters blue."

And a tall and stately vessel
Seaward in the offing lay,
Soon with winds and waves to wrestle
On her weary homeward way.

Though it has some traits romantic,
'Tis one of the simplest tales:—
Leaving scarce the broad Atlantic,
Sought his bark Pacific gales,
Ere a pale disease bereft him
Of bright smiles and ruddy glow;
And his comrades here had left him,
Where the healthful breezes blow.

Here arose the lofty steeple
O'er the cultivated plain,
And he found a Christian people,
Christian sympathy for pain.
And a gentle Indian maiden
Tend'd him with ceaseless care,
Till, with health and pleasure laden,
Kissed his cheeks the soothing air.

And that maiden now beside him
Saw, with love's unfailing art,
All the memories that tried him,
All the conflict in his heart:
"If old yearning seek returning
To thy home beyond the sea,
Father, mother, sister, brother—
I will leave them all for thee."

"No, beloved; one sigh forgive me,
Breathed across the ocean wave;
There I leave no ties to grieve me—
All I love are in the grave.
Thine is all my heart's devotion;
And my home henceforth shall be
In this sweet isle of the ocean—
Here to live with love and thee."

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

NO II.—ROBERT BURNS.

One of the most curious facts in literary history, is the scarcity of authors who can

art of composition. We are all familiar with the saying of some great man, that, "if he could write the ballads of a country, he cared not who made its laws." We have some experience of the truth conveyed in this saying, in this country, where the songs that are sung during our election 'cavass, produce a marvellous effect on the destinies of a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people. But there are songs which survive the excitement of political strife, and take their place among those literary productions which are destined to live so long as the language, in which they are written, shall endure. Among these are the songs of Burns. We have thought it a useful exercise to trace the connection between the circumstances of Burns's life and the merit and success of these songs. For the following sketch of his life, we are indebted to an article from the able pen of James Hedderwich, Esq.



ROBERT BURNS.

write good songs. And yet, this is by no means, an unimportant department of the great

Robert Burns, the great peasant poet of Scotland, lived and died within the latter half of the eighteenth century. His father, William Burness, according to the original spelling of the name, was a native of Kincardineshire, whence he migrated, first to Edinburgh, and afterwards to Ayrshire, obtaining employment as he best



BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

could as a working gardener. He ultimately took a lease of seven acres of land, about a couple of miles from the town of Ayr, in the district of Kyle, where he built, by the roadside, with his own hands, a clay cottage, which is still standing, an object of interest to strangers. To this humble dwelling, consisting merely of a *but* and a *ben*, he brought in due time, a young bride, named Agnes Brown, daughter of a small farmer in the neighboring district of Carrick, and the first fruit of this union was Robert, born on the 25th of January, 1759. The position of William Burness at that time, and indeed throughout his whole life, was that of a

high-minded and noble-hearted man struggling with adversity. Nevertheless, he contrived to give his children a respectable education; Robert, and his next brother, Gilbert, having been placed under an excellent teacher, named Murdoch. In 1766, when the poet was seven years old, his father removed with his family to Mount Oliphant, a farm a couple of miles distant, but for some time afterwards, the boys continued to attend Murdoch's school. If the library at Mount Oliphant was small, it yet comprised several good books, including the "Spectator," Allan Ramsay's "Poems," some plays of Shakspeare, and, above all, a collection

of English Songs, which Burns acknowledges to have studied with critical care. In his fifteenth year, Robert was the principal laborer on the farm, which was far from prosperous; and to the drudgery and affliction which he endured at this period, his brother Gilbert ascribed that depression of spirits, accompanied at times with an irregular motion of the heart, to which he was afterwards liable. From the miseries of Mount Oliphant, the Burns family fled in 1777 to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. In the midst, however, of every hardship, the young men continued to advance not only in learning, but in accomplishments. Robert, with the assistance of his old teacher, Murdoch, had so far mastered the French language, as to be able to read it with ease. At Kirkoswald he likewise acquired a smattering of mensuration and land surveying; while at Tarbolton he cultivated his powers of oratory in a debating club. Before this time he had fallen in love with "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass," with whom he had worked at harvest, and his feelings had vented themselves in verse of no very noticeable merit. Not long, however, after the indifferent song of "Handsome Nell," he produced the inimitable lyric of "My Nannie, O." In the hope, according to his brother Gilbert, of being able to marry, he became a flax-dresser at Irvine; but at this occupation he continued only six months, during which time he was initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry, and acquired some additional knowledge of the world, together, it must be confessed, with some little laxity of morals. His return to Lochlea was a return to a quiet and correct mode of life. About this time a visitor described the Burns family at meal time as having "books in one hand, and spoons in the other." Inspired by a volume in his possession, of letters from the pens of the best English authors, the poet aimed at epistolary excellence, and kept copies of such of his own communications to his friends as pleased him. In 1784, William Burness, the "priest-like father" of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," died, leaving his family involved in a ruinous litigation. With what little they could rescue from the wreck at Lochlea, Robert and Gilbert Burns entered upon the farm of Mossiel, in the parish of Mauchline. The former, in his new and responsible position, determined to read agricultural books, calculate crops, and attend markets. In place, however, of becoming a good practical farmer, he became only a great poet! It was at Mossiel that he produced his most masterly pieces, including "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Address to the Deil," "The Jolly Beggars," "Halloween," "To a Mouse," "The Holy Fair," "Man was made to Mourn," and others on which his fame chiefly rests. His powerful satires on the "Unco Guid," including the merciless and somewhat profane verses entitled "Holy Willie's Prayer," together with some transgressions against the law of morality, stirred up many enemies, particularly among the "Old Light" clergy. On the other hand, his genial, not to say convivial disposition, manly independence of character,

and brilliant poetical parts, gained him a host of friends, and his first volume, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, was largely subscribed for, and yielded him a clear profit of £20. With this money, it was his intention to proceed to a situation in Jamaica, as book-keeper on the estate of a Dr. Douglas, in order to escape from the consequences of an intrigue with Jean Armour, the daughter of a master-mason in Mauchline, who ultimately, however, became his wife. With his attachment to "bonnie Jean," was mixed up a romantic affection for a Highland girl, named Mary Campbell, the subject of some of his most beautiful and high-toned effusions. The extraordinary favor, however, with which his poems were received by the critical world, induced him to proceed, in 1788, to Edinburgh, with the view of getting out a second edition. His reception in the Scottish capital was of the most dazzling kind. In the society of the earl of Glencairn, Lord Monboddo, Mr. Henry Erskine, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Dr. Blacklock, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, Mr. Fraser Tytler, and other celebrities, he was exhibited as a "lion," and the force, originality, and brilliancy of his conversation, seem to have produced even a greater impression than his poetry. Admired and marvelled at by eminent men, Burns exerted a still more wonderful fascination over beautiful women. Among the latter was Mrs. Jas. M'Lehose, a wronged and deserted wife, about his own age, with whom he entered into a singularly romantic and imprudent correspondence, under the Arcadian names of Sylvander and Clarinda. His second edition was at length published by Mr. Creech, and realized for the poet, a profit of £500, the list of subscribers having extended to thirty-eight pages. This was the culminating point in the character of Burns. Out of the funds of which he was now in possession, he lent his brother Gilbert, who was still struggling with the unfortunate farm of Mossiel, the sum of £180. With the rest, he took various tours through Scotland, a professed "rustic bard," and a man of genius, writing diaries and letters, scratching impromptu verses on the windows of inns and taverns, and inditing passionate love-strains to ladies and damsels of every degree, with whom he had the slightest possible acquaintance. After three months rapturous raving to Clarinda, together with sundry other episodic attachments, he formally installed Jean Armour as his wife; and having leased from Mr. Millar, of Dalswinton the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, between five and six miles from Dumfries, he once more turned his attention to agricultural pursuits; but in reality, chiefly occupied himself with railing at fortune, and writing the most exquisite songs in the world. In August, 1789, he entered the excise, with a view to eke out his insufficient income. His duties, however, which compelled him to ride some two hundred miles in the course of every week, interfered with the business of his farm, and in 1791 he abandoned the latter, and established his head-quarters wholly in Dumfries, as an exciseman. The emoluments of his

office, did not exceed £70 a year. Although poor, however, and often pinched for money, he was never in absolute want; and it is remarkable, that although contributing assiduously, first to Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," and afterwards to Mr. George Thomson's "Melodies of Scotland," he always seemed to resent any offer of remuneration as an affront. The written, collected, or altered songs contributed by Burns to these two miscellanies, amounted to 284 in number. At Dumfries,



BURNS'S HOUSE, DUMFRIES.

Burns lived about five years, leading a somewhat irregular life, occasionally getting into trouble on account of his capricious temper, or his democratic sentiments, resenting fancied slights by pungent epigrams, but still retaining many warm friends, and penning lyrics which were destined to live forever. Broken at length in health, owing, it is said, to his having slept all night on one occasion in the open air, this extraordinary man expired at his house in Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Immediately after his death, all Scotland was touched with remorse at having suffered her greatest son to perish in poverty and neglect. Subscriptions to a large amount were raised for behoof of his widow and family, costly monuments were erected in various quarters to his memory; and ever since, his fame has continued to increase. Although fond of representing himself as "unlettered," and as bred "at the plough-tail," it may be doubted whether there was anything either in the position, or in the training of Burns, unfavorable to the full development of his genius. His brightest effusions were born of his toils, aspirations, and sufferings. In several other respects, the humbleness of his station in life was an advantage. It heightened the surprise occasioned by his writings, and

procured for him an amount of substantial patronage which has been too much overlooked. That his career was prematurely cut short, must always be a matter of regret to those who remember that "Tam o' Shanter," "Bruce's Address," and the celebrated parting song of "Ae Fond Kiss," were among his later productions: but in his poetry and in his life, which are inseparably associated, he has left a sufficiently splendid impression. The moral failings which he himself acknowledged and deplored, are more easily forgiven than defended. Even, however, if there is something to condemn in his character, there is much more to admire and honor. His poverty never betrayed him into any mean or sordid action, or lowered the manly integrity and sturdy independence of his character. In literature his place is among the great ones of the earth. Much of his prose composition is labored and inflated; and his letters to Clarinda, in particular, present a strange and incongruous mixture of friendship and folly, religion and wild passion. But his poetry is replete with fire, humor, and pathos, combined with perfect simplicity and naturalness. One main secret of his success, was his almost always writing directly from nature. His Jeans, Marys, and Peggies, were creatures of veritable flesh and blood. He even seemed to be continually working himself into fits of love, for the mere purpose of finding subjects for his muse; while his intense admiration of natural scenery, in place of venting itself in cold description, was generally associated with some engrossing human emotion. Hence it is that he rarely fails to find his way to the hearts of his readers, and that he has succeeded in bequeathing to his country and the world, the most admirable body of lyrical composition, whether as regards force of expression, or tenderness of sentiment, to be found in the literature of any age or nation.

WE HAVE known minds which for years had been so exclusively devoted to business cares, that when, at length, they became subject to the influence of Nature, they seemed to have been ossified, and found her sweet and subtle power to produce pain, rather than pleasure, in its operation on their deadened and stiffened organizations. It was like motion in a hand palsied for years when the ability to move returns, and the inflexible skin cracks and gapes, and would fain be still evermore. And, thus these palsied minds prefer to return to their rigidity, and move no more forever, rather than endure the pain of their awakening to the activity and variety of life.

It is said to have been satisfactorily demonstrated, that every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a wrinkle to her face! It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

A COTTAGE DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

SCENE FIRST.

[A stormy night.—A room in a cottage on the outskirts of a wood.—PATIENCE and FAITH, two orphan sisters, seated by a blazing fire.]

Faith.—Mercy on me! the hail is coming down the chimney; help me put this log on, Patience—we must keep a brisk fire; there, it blazes cheerily; but your pretty cheek, as Father Blanco says, is pale; are you frightened?

Patience.—Not exactly frightened, sister; still, if our good old watch dog, Barbe, were alive, poor fellow, I should feel better. How the storm beats and roars! And—there's a crash! One of those fine old oaks, I warrant. Faith, Faith—it would not take much to crush in our roof.

Faith.—Nonsense, child; think of better fancies; for instance, this wind will shake the old apple trees at the farm with a good will; and we are to have all the wind-falls, you know.—Solace yourself with thinking what a goodly row of smoking pies, hot from the oven, we'll range on the dresser; and then the tarts, to say nothing of stringing the quarters, and hanging necklaces on the grim beams overhead. Ha, ha—I had forgotten; see, there are some of last year's, dangling from the wall, gathered into plaits, like the flesh on the neck of an old witch, and as yellow as pumpkins.

Patience.—Don't talk of witches, I beg of you, Faith; there was a noise!

Faith.—I should like to know if it isn't the nature of hail to make a noise! And the wind—I've often dreamed of it, and it had a form. It came crashing through the forest aisles, and singing like the voice from the pipes of a thousand organs. It was grand and terrible, but I loved it. And I love all these sounds—the hail spitting against the blinds, and beating upon the shingles, and tramping over the roof.—Come, let us sing the little duet Father Blanco loves so well.

Patience.—I can't sing, sister—[she springs to her feet].—There it is—a noise—a voice—a human voice. I know I am not as brave as you are, Faith; but oh! it is something strange and solemn that drives the blood against my heart, and makes my finger nails purple. How can we tell but old Jenny, fearful of leaving us alone, has returned from the farm house, and is perishing now at our door!

Faith.—Horrible!—but it is only my imagination filling up the outlines of your picture. I will not be driven into fear; for I remember old Jenny, as she put her white hood on, said to me, "Now, child, put my dried rose leaves into papers, and lay them nicely between the sheets in the great chest;" and then, she added, "If I see signs of a storm towards the sun-set, I'll e'en stay all night;" and you know it has hailed since dinner.

Patience.—Yes, yes; I am very weak, I know; but never was a storm more terrible; and never did I hear such strange voices as of suffering; and never did I feel our loneliness so sad and oppressive. I wish Barbe were alive. I wish Jenny had not gone. I wish we had a brother to guard the house.

Faith.—We have one, Patience, though he seems to have forgotten us; or perhaps he has been taught to forget us; but let us think of pleasant things. See this fire; could anything be more cheery? Imagine this kitchen, with its sanded floor, and its old brick hearth under our feet, a palace room. See, sister, roses spring in the midst of tapestry; the carpets are softer than moss, and brighter than our flower beds in July. Gold glistens from the cornices, and silver glitters in the brackets, on which stand our lamps filled with perfumed oil. The noises that you listen to so shudderingly, shall be sonnets of music, mingled with the pattering feet of the dancers. There! don't start so, now, for I am about to describe your dress. You have on a golden-colored silk, that sets off your white neck and forehead to the greatest advantage.—In the long, yellow curls of a beauty so rare, there blazes a single diamond. There is a peach pink delicately tinting your cheeks, pearls upon your arms, and in your blue eyes dwell a thousand loves. Listen; I, being taller, and darker, am arrayed in silken velvet, of a royal purple color, one red rose in my black curls, golden bands on my arms, a chain of brilliants round my neck—how do I look, my noble sister?

Patience.—[Bending her head upon her hands].—O! don't talk thus; it seems like jesting. Hark! crash—oh! what a sound; every tree in the forest is shrieking its fear; and how can I help but be fearful? And there's a plunging—now the whole wood is bending, I know—feel the cottage shake—hear that tremulous roar—see, the very fire shoots up, as if at the bidding of the storm it would go out and join it. Oh! oh!

Faith.—Be quiet, silly girl, or you will shake my nerves, that are not easily disturbed. But your white face! why will you look like a ghost? Come, let us tell stories, sing songs, guess charades, anything but sit and brood. Now, if we only had some lover to talk about—that would be charming; but, since we have not, why—I'll tell you—[clapping her hands]—we'll read the beautiful new romance Father Blanco lent us.

[Goes to the little book-case and selects a book; then returns, casting back glances at the window.]

Here—now you'll forget this foolish fear, and be as quiet as a little bird when its mother has picked it up from the bottom of the tree where it had fallen. Here is where I have opened.—[Reads].—"The strange figure grew grand in stature as he towered over the surrounding warriors. A hush, like that succeeding the war of

the elements, reigned throughout the mighty assembly. Suddenly appeared in their midst, a man like a demon. Fire seemed shooting from his eyes, and his snaky locks curled like so many ropes around his hideous neck and shoul—"

Patience.—Cease, sister; I have heard enough. Rather let us go to our chamber, and pray God that he still the tempest, as he did when the Son of Man slept on the waters.

Faith.—You are right; let us go to our chamber, and leave the fire; the fender will keep the fire in; we shall feel safer on our beds, and gradually be lulled to sleep by this great storm-anthem. Come, we will leave our shoes here, and unpin our handkerchiefs—take my hand—come.

SCENE SECOND.

[*A road at the end of the wood.*—TRAVELLER and a SERVANT, drenched through, and nearly worn out, striving to urge on their horses.]

Serv.—It's no use, master—they won't take to the storm kindly, poor beasts, and no wonder; it hasn't done a kind turn by them since it begun.

Trav.—The wind blows colder, and the horses are blinded by the hail. It is foolish to think of urging them forward over these broken trees. I am cold and numb—yet to stop here would be death. We must let the beasts take their own way, and stumble along ourselves, till we get out of this wood.

Serv.—Out of this wood! we mayn't be fairly in it. What do you mean by out o' the wood, good master?

Trav.—Why, that is the sign when the wind comes in greater volume.

Serv.—Yes, it's a vollum I don't care to read; it was vollum number one when we got lost in these woods, confound 'em—and vollum number two when this bellegerus storm come up—and we're in vollum number three—but whether at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end—be blest if I can tell. Ugh! that's an ugly sound.

Trav.—Only a tree falling.

Serv.—Only a tree falling! It mightn't matter to a man with wooden legs; but mine are whole, thank'ee, though heaven knows how long they will be.

Trav.—Follow close, now, and we will try to find a shelter; I know we are out of the wood.

Serv.—Blazes! I've cracked my ankles—oh! Harry; I'd rather not scrape such an acquaintance, for it's scraped all my flesh off; to tell the truth, which is something out of my line, I think my chin is froze.

Trav.—Heaven! What a tempest! This lightning truly *riffs* the sky—and the darkness seems gelid. Guide me, God of my fathers—I cannot think I must perish in a place like this. Whew! drench, pour, blow—this is tiresome work; but, courage, my good fellow. What! is your tongue frozen too?

Serv.—Aye, master; I can only answer you by a sign. Take notice when it lightens—I will wag my head.

Trav.—Another crash! God forsake me not. I can scarcely drag my limbs along. How is it with you, my poor fellow?

Serv.—Faith! I can't drag 'em at all; they go by jerks.

Trav.—I think I see a light—a light like a star; bend—bend; in such a blast as that, always double yourself.

Serv.—I'd rather be single than double at this present time, thank'ee. My teeth are loose—my ears tingle—my feet are as heavy as my heart—my face is torn by the hail stones.

Trav.—So is mine.

Serv.—My hands are numb—my knees shake—my eyes are beat into my head—faith! I think I'm going to die.

Trav.—Oh! no—cheer up—cheer up; surely God will not let us perish so far from home.

Serv.—Amen! and in a foreign country.

SCENE THIRD.

[*The kitchen of the cottage.*—FAITH and PATIENCE standing together before the fire.—PATIENCE leaning upon her sister, her face hidden on her shoulder.]

Patience.—[*Murmuring.*]—How awful the tempest sounded in our chamber! Oh! can any one be perishing? I feel so strangely.

Faith.—[*Soothingly.*]—No, darling; no one would venture to face such a night as this.—Come—when we sought our chamber, you said you would be calm if I would only return; and now that you are back, you seem still more uneasy.

Patience.—What time is it, sister?

Faith.—Just on the twelve. Why! how you shudder! and not alone this time, for something of this strange feeling steals over me.

Patience.—Oh! no—keep that wonderful courage—if only to comfort yourself.

Faith.—I'd rather comfort you, darling.

Patience.—Mercy! Is that the lightning?

Faith.—I—I think it is.

Patience.—Why, the world's on fire.

Faith.—Hark!

Patience.—I heard it—I heard it. It is the voice of a man—and we alone and unprotected.

Faith.—[*Turns toward the door.*]—Peace, sister! be still, and listen—it sounds human.

Patience.—Oh! Faith! The wolves—the wolves from the forest!

Faith.—It is no wolf, darling, but some poor perishing creature. Oh! Father in Heaven! Father in Heaven!

[*In a sudden lull, a hollow voice outside is heard, crying—"A shelter—warmth—if ye have hearts, help the perishing."*]

Faith.—[*Unfastening her sister's arms from her neck.*]—Patience, stay here while I go unloose the outer bolt. Nay—don't cling to me in that manner—unclasp your hands, my sister. Would you have murder on your soul—for it is wilful murder to let a human being perish, when we might save him. There is the voice again! You must let me go. [Hurries to the door, pushes back the bolt, when the hail and the wind drive furiously in.] Speak! Is any body here?

Trav.—It is I—blinded and chilled, I have fallen at the threshold; lend me a helping

hand, that I may drag myself up. I am well nigh overcome.

Serv.—And I'm ill nigh overcome. But, as we've come to a haven, I think I'll stir myself, though I am all frost-bitten, and turned into icicles. Here, master—(you go in, Miss, God bless you; don't stand in the cold.)—come—here you are, then—now, you'll excuse us for staggering, Miss: we're what you might call drunk with the cold.

[*The Traveller is seated before the fire—his servant beside him—and FAITH and PATIENCE go timidly about the preparations for a supper.—He takes off his travelling cap, and lifts his eyes toward Heaven.*]

Faith.—[*Aside.*—] Oh! what a noble, beautiful gentleman!

Patience.—[*Aside.*—] I never saw so handsome a gentleman.

Serv.—[*Aside.*—] Only meat enough for a kitten.—[*aloud.*—] Come, my master, the meal is ready. Faith! it's hungry men are coming to it.

Faith.—[*Who thinks she is called.*—] What did you wish, sir?

Serv.—[*Aside.*—] A little more meat would be handy.—[*aloud.*—] I wish Heaven's choicest blessings on the fair ladies by whose will we are here.

Trav.—Yes, your courage is only equalled by your beauty, fair maidens—e'en now we should have perished but for you.

Serv.—That we would, faith!

Faith.—What did you wish, sir?

Serv.—[*Confused.*—] Well, seeing's you seem to know, if I might ask for a little more of this excellent ham—I—

Trav.—Peter!

Both Girls.—Oh! there is plenty—[*they bring in a large ham, at which PETER's eyes glisten.—Both eat in silence, and are directed to a bed-room.*]

[*Exit the TRAVELLER and his SERVANT.*]

Faith.—Patience, we will go in the shed together, and get some more wood. The storm is less furious now, and I shall sit up till morning.

Patience.—And I also—my fear is gone. How is it with you?

Faith.—[*Musing.*—] Oh! what a face he hath!

Patience.—And his eyes! I have read of the like, but seldom seen before, glances such as they throw.

Faith.—Seldom! never! What wondrous fire, and still what heavenly softness! Oh! what a face he hath!

Patience.—His brow may be that of a poet.

Faith.—May be—it is; if poets be men of more than mortal beauty, then is he a poet. I seem to see him now, as he looked when he threw up his glance—doubtless to heaven.

Patience.—He is the handsomest gentleman I have ever seen.

Faith.—Humph! when have we seen gentlemen? Save the wood-cutter's big-handed son, Father Blanco, and the old apothecary, we know little how gentlemen look.

Patience.—What will old Jenny say?

Faith.—[*Blushing.*—] What do our hearts say? [*She covers her face with her hands.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

[*Morning.—The sisters asleep by the dying fire.—A sunbeam shining through the crevices in each shutter.—A loud rap at the door.*]

Patience.—[*Waking suddenly.*—] Morcy! What is that?

Faith.—[*Waking more slowly.*—] Is it morning?

Patience.—Yes—and that must be old Jenny. Did we dream of—? No—it is all true—I remember.

[*FAITH unbolts the door.—Enter OLD JENNY in a white fur bonnet, followed by a Boy loaded down with baskets.*]

Old Jenny.—Well, this is pretty. The sun and I have been travelling these two hours, and you not up yet; fle, fle—what makes you so lazy? Here, boy, set the baskets down here—there—anywhere—and here's your shilling.—Tell your visitors not to go out while the ground is wet, at any rate—at any rate; do you hear? Well, tramp.

Faith.—Jenny, there are strangers in the house; a man and his servant came nigh perishing in the storm—we let them in in the dead of night, and so rested in our chairs.

Old Jenny.—[*Raising her hands.*—] My goodness! if that ain't a story to tell! I wonder I slept in my bed; and as for that matter, I didn't sleep, neither, for the mattress was stuffed with tenpenny nails, and hadn't but one feather in it. Well, the Lord preserved ye, and I'm glad of it. Now let us get up a breakfast for these folks. They shouldn't go away and say they found no hospitality in these woods, if it is in a wilderness.

Trav.—[*Suddenly appearing.*—] Indeed we shall not, madam; nor shall I soon forget the courage of these girls, so young, and alone at midnight; how is the path, good mother?

Old Jenny.—Middlin', sir; the horses dragged through it sorely, and a broken tree up by the grove, stopped the creatures entirely; there was nothing left but for to foot it.

[*The table is spread, and the TRAVELLER sits down with OLD JENNY and the sisters.*]

Trav.—There was a picture in the room where I slept last night, inclosed in an antique, wooden frame. Pray, may I ask, was it a chance purchase, or an heir-loom?

Old Jenny.—That! Indeed, sir, it's no heir-loom; it has been in our family these hundred years. My old master was a Welchman, of a right fine family. I think the kind old master wouldn't have taken bags of dollars for that.—And he used to say, long before he gave up all hopes of hearing from his son, that a brother took to England when my master was reduced to poverty, that whoever his girls married, they should make their husbands promise to bequeath that picture to their children, and never allow it to be neglected.

Trav.—[*Rising from the table and approaching the young girls.*—] Then, on the strength of that picture, I think I may venture to kiss—my sisters.—[*Kisses each one, and folds them to his bosom.*]

Old Jenny.—What! then you are —."

Trav.—Robert Ap Lash, whom God has guided thus mysteriously to his father's home, when he was seeking it in a contrary direction. And now—as our old Welsh father taught us, when calamity or blessing came—let us pray.

SCENE LAST.

[PATIENCE and FAITH, together in their little chamber, conversing about their new found relative.]

Patience.—[Archly.]—But what if he had not proved to be our brother? he is so handsome a gentleman.

Faith.—[Bending over her knitting.]—That is a question that you, perhaps, can answer as well as I.

THE POET'S APPEAL.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

Thou say'st I'm growing old, Lullie,
And that my dark brown hair
Hath some few silver threads, sweet one,
That tell of years and care.
I know my youth is gone, Lullie,
And joys that once were mine
Are buried in the past, dear girl,
Like gems 'neath ocean's brine.

Dear friends that I have loved, Lullie,
Have faded from my view;
Some lie beneath the sod, fair maid,
And some have proved untrue.
The treasured ones of old, Lullie,
I see them now no more,
And never may again, sweet girl,
'Till earthly life is o'er.

Yet many friends are left, Lullie,
To cheer my pathway here;
Ah, well I know their worth, bright maid,
And feel their love sincere.
But do not call me old, Lullie,
Though youthful days are past;
My heart, my heart is young, dear love,
Its warmth with life shall last.

Come, let me hold thy hand, Lullie,
And listen while I tell,
How in this dreaming heart, sweet girl,
Wild aspirations dwell.
Think not a youthful breast, Lullie,
Can deeper glow than mine,
With wrapt and burning thoughts, my love,
With poetry divine.

Now, look into mine eyes, Lullie,
And tell me, dost thou see
One symbol there of age, fair girl?
Aye, look—and answer me!
Nay, turn not from me now, Lullie;
Look up, look up, sweet dove!
I'm not too old to love, bright one,
Not yet too old to love!

Sycamore Villa, Long Island.

The Pride that holds its head too high,
rarely picks up any thing: whereas, Modesty,
like a diver, gathers pearls by keeping its head
low.

AUTUMN-TIME.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP RAMES.

A beautiful autumnal day—
In the clear sky soft cloudlets play,
Of rosy purple, and pale blue,
With golden sunstreaks melting through
The silvery mist—a pearly hue
Diffusing o'er the vestal flowers,
That open to the morning hours.

The circling air is blandly bright—
Soft laden with a pure delight;
The pinions of the southern breeze
Move odor-burdened thro' the trees,
And in the forest depths one sees
Touches of beauty, rich and rare,
From Nature's Artist lingering there!

By river-shore, and mountain-side,
This peerless painter doth abide;
In sunny vale, and shady wood,
He coloreth the solitude
With intermediate tints subdued—
And spreadeth o'er the leaves a glow
Of radiance that passeth show!

Sprinkled with hues of richest red,
The tall oak bends its stately head;
The green beech wears a golden flush—
The mountain-ash a crimson blush,
While tinged by the same artist-brush
A purplish shade the poplar wears,
And the evergreen earth's emerald shades.

The golden haze has melted through
The autumnal landscape's depth of blue:
In the transparent hush of noon
I listen to yon stream's low tune,
Prolonged to a soft monotone:
While scarce the dimpled wave is stirred,
By the light skimming of the bird.

Odors and hues! What a bright red
Is by yon twining creeper shed
Around that orange-colored beech;
While golden rod, and aster, each
This crimson edge of sumach reach,
And, spotted with pale moss-rings green,
The tamarack's tufted boughs are seen.

Here's a witch-hazel goldened o'er
With knotted blossoms—here a shower
Of the barberry's pendant corals; there
Its sapphire crown the gentian bears—
A ruby gleam the fern-plume wears,
While scarlet holly—purple sloe,
And winter-green, together glow!

Subtly, delicately floating round,
Sweet incense rises from the ground:
In mingling perfumes thro' the air—
The everlasting white-blooms bear
A world of fragrance rich, and rare—
While odors faint, 'mong fallen leaves
The saffron and birch-bow breathes.

'Tis Nature's dying hour, and she
Offers to God her incense free.
Oh! oft as thro' her haunts I roam,
I pray death may as gently come,
And bear me to my heavenly home—
In such a scene, on such a day—
Then—bliss indeed to pass away!

THE NEW HOLLAND PITCHER PLANT, AND THE HEDGE-HOG CACTUS.

BY HARLAND COULTAS,

PROFESSOR OF BOTANY IN THE "WAGNER FREE INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE."

The *Cephalotus follicularis*, or New Holland pitcher plant, grows in the swamps of King George's Sound. It is a stemless herb, with exstipulate leaves, among which are mingled a number of operculate pitchers. The scape is simple, and bears a compound terminal spike of small flowers. These flowers have a six-leaved, colored calyx, no corolla, and twelve stamens; those opposite the sepals being shorter than the others. In the centre of each flower are six distinct one-seeded carpels or pistils.—The flowers and pitchers of this curious plant, are represented in our engraving.

Fig. 1.



PITCHER PLANT.

The pitchers of the *Cephalotus follicularis* are not only curious, but beautiful. They are of a delicate green color, intermixed with purple. Externally, they are marked with grooves and salient ridges, edged with bristly hairs; internally, they are filled with a saccharine fluid, which appears to be secreted by the plant to allure insects, particularly the ant, which frequent its foliage, and to whom this liquor is especially grateful. The annulated rim of one of these open pitchers is seen at *a*, presenting a row of circular, inflected hooks, and surmounted by the concave lid. They are always closed, as shown at *c*, until they have grown to nearly their full size, when they remain open. The return of the insects which enter these pitchers, is effectually prevented by the hairs which line their inner surface, and which are reflected downwards, affording every facility for ingress, but effectually preventing egress.

Naturalists are not agreed as to the object of these pitchers. The opinion which appears to have been the most favored is, that these plants are to be regarded as carnivorous vegetables, and that their pitchers are fly-traps, as flies and other insects are generally found in their waters, in a state of decomposition. The absorption of a certain amount of animal matter may be ne-

cessary to the healthy evolution of their organism, and the proper discharge of its functions.

Fig. 2.



HEDGE-HOG CACTUS.

The *Echinocactus oxycornus*, or sharp-angled hedge-hog cactus, represented by Fig. 2, is a native of South Brazil. It is a succulent, fleshy plant, of a somewhat globular form, destitute of leaves, and beset with clusters of radiating spines. This plant is one of the most showy of its tribe, and, at the same time, one of the most free-flowering. The long, trumpet-shaped tube of the flower, is of a light green, and is nearly covered with long, red-brown, imbricated scales. The petals are of a deep rose color, and inclose numerous bright yellow stamens. The whole forms an object inexpressibly beautiful and delicate.

The *Echinocactus oxycornus* will bloom freely, if kept in a window, under cover of a common glass, and planted in a soil composed of loam, leaf-mould, and sand. The glass covering is necessary to its perfect development, inasmuch as, like the rest of the cactaceae, though requiring little moisture at the root, it will not grow without a considerable amount of it in the atmosphere.

The cactaceae generally grow in dry, sandy situations, to which their organization is well adapted. In the sterile and burnt up wastes of tropical countries, these succulent plants are the only vegetation which can, by any possibility, gain a foot-hold. On decaying, they fertilize the soil, so that it is capable of supporting a different race of plants, and, finally, a rich

vegetable mould is the result, and trees are produced in spots which were formerly only barren sands or rocks. In cold climates, mosses and lichens are the pioneers of vegetation; these are the first plants which clothe the rocks; but in the tropics, the first vegetables are succulent plants. These deprive the air of the water which it holds in solution, and retain it in their organism. Successive generations of these plants flourish and decay, thus enriching the soil with the products of their decomposi-

tion, until finally it becomes so changed that it will no longer support them. A more luxuriant vegetation succeeds, and we have realized the beautiful language of scripture:—"The wilderness and solitary place is glad; the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. It blossoms abundantly, and rejoices even with joy and singing. The glory of Lebanon is given it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."—*Isaiah* xxxv, 1, 2.

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NO. VI.—THOUGHTS ABOUT FICTION.

"Coincident with the world of fact," says a writer—"in nearly all ages, and among all nations, and lying by the side of that world like a fantastic shadow, has been the world of fairy fiction"—a domain almost as rich and various, if not so majestic, as the actual universe by which we are surrounded—a region of woods and waters, and mountains, and far-stretching oceans, remote islands of desolate or beautiful enchantment—solitude and deserts—with mysterious music lingering over smooth lakes, royal courts of surpassing gorgeousness, gardens of indolent delight, and the humbler abodes of poverty and labor—the whole peopled by forms of exalted or malignant humanity, and by supernatural beings, lovely, fearful, and grotesque.

Exalted fiction has an influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light—felt throughout all existence in its softening, healing, harmonizing power. It affords ideas for the intellect, sentiment for the soul, images for the imagination, and melody for the ear. It is not merely the language of a people's infancy, the stammering of human intelligence. It is the language of all the ages of mankind. It is the relaxation of the philosopher, when weary of poring over dusty volumes that "turn back the tide of centuries to their head;" it weaves the glory of dream-land around the child's pillow; it gleams out from the studio of the sculptor; it glows upon the canvas of the painter; it lifts the enraptured poet upon the wings of its imagery; it kisses the brow of the weary laborer with its dewy lips; it gilds the asperity of life; it floats like a tide of mellow light amid our every-day actualities; it glimmers in our natures when we, in our childish innocence, reach out through the casement to grasp a star in our baby fist; it increases in its yearning as we stem with strong arms the tide of our manhood; and its glory—hallowed by faith, and fast shaping into reality—is around us, as we go down upon the waves of death.

That there must have been some necessity for the existence of intellectual creations—that

they arose to answer some want felt by the universal human heart—is sufficiently proved by the general diffusion of stories of enchantment over all the races of men, civilized or savage. Those beautiful creations of the mind exist in the bible—in the eloquent language of Job, God's own poet—in ancient mythology—in the religion and ceremonies of the Turks, Hindoos, Brahmas, and our own American Indians—and in the startling conceits and glorious conceptions that people the literary world at present.

The soul, longing in all ages for a life less vexed by harsh and abrupt contradictions than the life of flesh and blood, has perpetually created certain beautiful ideals, culled from the best specimens of the actual world, and still further adorned by whatever the mind can conceive of superhuman loveliness and awe. Hence poetry and romance have arisen and flourished, more or less, in every land beneath the sun.

The most enduring sentences are the embodiment of strength of mind, with whatever is beautiful or lovable in nature. Deep and lasting lessons are conveyed to the mind through the medium of fiction.

That was a bold metaphor of Chateaubriand's, when he said that the whole universe may be considered as the imagination of the Deity rendered visible. If it was a bold metaphor, it was also a beautiful one, and few will apply to it an adjective of more asperity.

In speaking of fiction—we do not mean the false, nor wholly imaginative—neither do we mean a diseased fiction, with a plague spot on its heart—warping holy sentiments—sapping the foundations of moral rectitude—staring society hideously in the face, like the glassy eyes of the dead within the morgue of Paris; but the glorious, the ennobling, that comes upon the senses like an old familiar strain, that glimmers like a rainbow upon the waters of the soul, that whispers to the heart in its winsome, indescribable way, that points the soul to Heaven, where it speeds with the hope of finding it reality.

WET EYES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed farmer Perkins, on entering his wife's room, "what ails you?" Mrs. Perkins was alone, and in tears.

"Oh! Joshua," was the mournful reply, "how can I help it? When Edward got out of the wagon, and I saw that he had been drinking, I thought I would have sunk to the ground."

"I hoped for nothing better," said the farmer, a slight severity in his tones. "I never expect to see him a sober man."

"I cannot say that, father,—O, no!—I cannot say that! I am always hoping for a change—always looking for a change. I was sure he would come perfectly sober this blessed Thanksgiving. Poor Sarah! How worn and sad she looks. The tears spring to my eyes, unbidden, whenever they rest upon her face. She cannot bear this trouble. It is breaking her heart.—And she is so patient, so loving, so unselfish. The wives of our other sons, Ruth and Phebe, look so happy, that I can but pity poor Sarah the more."

And tears fell in large drops over the face of Mrs. Perkins.

"Don't give way so to your feelings, Anna—don't," said farmer Perkins. "What can't be cured, must be endured. It is Thanksgiving—our children and grand-children are all here—yes, all, Anna. There is not a single mound in the graveyard, with a head-stone bearing the name of any whom God has given us. With so much to be thankful for, why should we let a single cloud shut the sunshine from our dwelling? Come, dry up your tears, mother—dry them all up. Your countenance must be in sunlight, or shadows will be on all hearts to-day."

"How can I look cheerful with this weight on my bosom?" sobbed the unhappy mother. "How can I smile with the marred features of my poor boy ever before me?"

"But, you must try to be cheerful, mother," urged the farmer. "It is hard, I know. But for the sake of our other children, make an effort to overcome your feelings. The girls are bringing in the dinner now. Come! throw off this depression, dry up your tears, and be yourself. As I have just said, from your countenance must come sunlight, or every heart will be in shadow."

"Leave me for a little while, Joshua," murmured the unhappy mother, "that I may recover myself. I would not for worlds mar the pleasure of our children to-day."

Farmer Perkins left the room, and as he did so, his wife bent forward, and buried her face deep in the bed by which she was sitting. Almost as still as if in slumber, she remained for several minutes. Then rising up, with features so changed from their deep sadness, that an observer would have wondered at the power of self-control she had been able to exercise, she made a few hurried changes in her dress, and was ready to join her family in the

large, old sitting-room below, just as the last dish had been placed on the ample dinner table.

Three sons and their wives, and two daughters and their husbands, with half a score of grand-children, were soon gathered around the teeming board. But, ere the smoking viands were served thanks were offered, and a blessing asked by farmer Perkins. His voice slightly trembled as he uttered the words—"We thank thee, Father, that there is no vacant place at our table to-day; that we are not mourners for a lost one, or a wanderer." And, in spite of the mother's efforts to keep a tight rein upon her feelings, her eyes were wet when she lifted them, as the last words of the blessing died on the air.

Edward, the oldest of farmer Perkins's sons, had, unhappily fallen into intemperate habits. Every effort had been made by his family and friends to reclaim him, but with no permanent success. He saw and felt his danger, and made frequent struggles against the fatal habit that was marring every good in life, and fast dragging him down to ruin; but, alas! he struggled in vain. Temptation met him at every turn—he was too weak to resist her cunning allurements. He repented, and promised, and resolved, over and over again, only to stumble and fall with every new effort at reformation.

He had a gentle, loving wife, whose heart he was breaking. Not that he was harsh towards her, or willfully neglectful of her comforts. Even when his intellect was dulled by liquor, he treated her in the kindest manner, and what was stranger still for a drunkard, even bore her remonstrances and earnest pleadings patiently, and with unvarying promises of amendment.

Vitiated as the appetite of Edward Perkins had become, he yet refrained from bringing liquor into his house. The fatal bottle was never seen there. When he drank, it was at a tavern; and, alas! these dens of depravity were scattered so thickly around the neighborhood in which he lived, that allurements met him whenever he ventured abroad. Daily, business called him forth, and almost daily he returned to his home less a man than when he went forth.

"Where are you going, Edward?" asked his wife, on Thanksgiving morning, laying her hand on his arm, and looking him earnestly in the face. He had taken his hat, and was about stepping from the door.

"Just down to Wilson's store," he answered. "I left my whip there, as I came by last evening."

"Oh, never mind the whip, Edward. Tom will go well enough."

"No, I must have the whip. He's a lazy dog, and cunning, into the bargain. Without a

whip over his head, he wouldn't get us to father's by dinner time."

"Won't your old whip do, Edward?"

"No—it's a poor, shabby concern, and broken in the handle, at that. It's no use talking about it, Sarah; I must get my whip from Wilson's. So finish dressing Eddy and Jane, and have your own things on against I get back. I won't be gone long."

"Promise me one thing, Edward." Her voice faltered, and the mounting blood crimsoned her forehead.

"Promise what?" The young man partly turned his face away.

"It is Thanksgiving, you know. Don't stop at Black's. Promise me."

"Nonsense, Sarah!" Edward spoke lightly.

"Oh, Edward! don't go there," pleaded the wife. "Remember how it was with you on last Thanksgiving. Think of your mother, Edward. For her sake, if not for mine, keep yourself sober to-day. She had wet eyes last year. This time let them be full of joy."

"Don't worry yourself, child," answered Edward, playfully, and he broke from her. "I'm not going to Black's. Get the children and yourself ready against I return. I will be gone only a little while."

The tavern kept by Black was directly on the way to Wilson's. Perkins was in earnest about not stopping there. He remembered the unhappiness he had caused on the former Thanksgiving, and his purpose was to abstain from drink, wholly, on the present occasion. Alas! for his good resolutions. No sooner rested his eyes on the White Swan that graced the swinging sign of the tavern keeper, than he felt an almost irresistible desire to taste his liquor. But he said to himself—

"I'm not going in there to-day. My mother's Thanksgiving shall not be as it was last year, a fearful one. Her eyes were wet all the time. That I remember too distinctly."

Even while he spoke thus to himself, a friend met him with the words—

"Ah, good morning, Edward!—good morning! Come, let's have a drink."

Poor Edward Perkins! How instantly were his good resolutions forgotten. He did not make even a show of resistance, but yielded at once to the invitation. Not until two glasses of liquor were swallowed, did he leave the bar-room. These were enough to drown all good purposes.

On his way back from Wilson's, he stopped of his own accord, and took another glass. As usual, with half intoxicated men, he fancied that no one could detect his lapse from sobriety. To deceive his wife, he attempted an unusual degree of cheerfulness on meeting her. But he betrayed, at once, the sad defection. Her eyes were too well skilled in all the signs of inebriety. Unhappy woman! Strength seemed instantly withdrawn from her. Her knees trembled—she sank into a chair, weak in body, and hopeless in spirit.

"Why, bless us, Sarah! What's the matter? You look half scared to death," exclaimed Per-

kins, affecting not to comprehend the sudden change in his wife's manner.

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" was her only response, made in so sad a tone, that even his feelings were, for an instant, reached.

Twice, while on their way to his father's, did Edward make an excuse to stop at public houses, and on each occasion, another glass of liquor was taken; so, that by the time they reached the elder Mr. Perkins's, he was so much in liquor, that even a child could detect it.

Does the reader wonder that the eyes of his mother were wet, all through that Thanksgiving dinner? It is a greater wonder that the hot tears did not overflow her eye-lids and glisten on her cheeks; for Edward was quite talkative and officious, betraying his condition at every word. No one at the table could make a remark, without his voice coming in promptly, and always with a confused or blundering utterance.

At last, his father became so fretted by all this, that, in a moment of angry impatience, he said, looking sternly at his son as he spoke—

"Don't make a fool of yourself any longer, Edward! You might hold your tongue, at least!"

Poor Sarah! Her face crimsoned instantly. She had looked mortified and distressed before; now she could not restrain her feelings. As she arose and left the room, tears were streaming over her face. Edward, in drunken indignation at his father's rebuke, pushed his chair back from the table, and followed his wife.

"Come!" said he, on joining her, "Come! Get on your things. I'll not stay here to be insulted."

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" sobbed the unhappy woman, laying her hand upon his arm. "Don't say a single word. Don't speak of insult. I only wonder that your father has borne with you so long."

"My son! oh, my son!" It was now his mother's voice that penetrated his ears; and her hand that rested gently upon him; her wet eyes that looked sadly into his own. She too had left the dinner table, and followed her weeping daughter-in-law, and angry son.

"What did father mean, by speaking to me in that way?" inquired Edward, indignantly. Excitement of mind was sobering him.

"You do not need to ask the question, Edward," replied his mother, speaking in a calmer tone.

"But I do need to ask the question. It is rather a hard saying to call a man a fool."

"Did you ever know a half intoxicated man to talk sensibly?"

This was plain speaking for the mother; plainer than she had ever before spoken to him. The effect was instantaneous. He had imagined that he was acting the sober man so perfectly, that no one suspected the truth, now openly charged upon him, and by that one from whom he most desired to conceal his lapse from sobriety. Enough of perception and shame was left to humiliate him. The angry frown passed from his countenance; his eyes, but now flashing with indignant light, drooped to the floor.

Sinking into a chair, he bent his face downward, and sat motionless, and, seemingly, powerless.

"Edward!" How full of tenderness was the mother's voice. "Edward, my son, be a man from this time. Break loose from your thralldom. By a mother's love, and a mother's tears, let me conjure you to abandon the way that leads to swift destruction."

A few moments of deep silence followed.—Not a sign of inebriety was in the voice or countenance of Edward, when he looked up into his wife's face and said, in a low, firm tone:—

"Get yourself ready, Sarah. We will go home."

"Not now, Edward. Not now, my son.—Don't leave your father's house in anger."

"I am not angry, mother," was answered calmly, but sadly. "It seems that I have marred everything here to-day, and it is better that we should return home. I will bring out the horse and wagon. As soon as the children have finished their dinners, we will go."

"Let him go," was the brief answer of the elder Mr. Perkins, when word came in that Edward was preparing to leave. And yet, he had already repented him of his harshness. But, he had firmness of character, strongly developed; and he would not bend himself to his weak, erring, unhappy son.

As soon as it was understood that Edward was preparing to leave, Ruth and Phebe, the sisters-in-law of Sarah, who loved her very much, immediately arose from the table, and went to her in the chamber, where, weeping bitterly, she was preparing to obey her husband's wishes.

"Don't go, Sarah! Don't! Where is Edward? He musn't take you away. Let him return home if he will; but we can't let you go."

"If Edward goes, I must," was her only reply.

"Where is he?"

"Gone to bring out the wagon."

The two sisters-in-law went forth to Edward, and begged him not to go. But no persuasion or argument could move him. He exhibited neither anger nor resentment; but seemed deeply humiliated, and was calm, very firm, silent, and sad.

Seeing that he would not remain, the children were taken from the table, ere their dessert was eaten, and half-consolated with a liberal supply of cake and fruit, handed into the wagon already waiting at the door.

Tearful adieus passed between Sarah and the family. But neither father nor brothers came forth to say a word to the erring son and brother, who drove off from the old house from which his presence had banished the sun-light on that day of days, with a purpose in his heart never to return to it again.

How weak, sad, and hopeless he felt. Temptation he knew was all around him; and the past gave him no assurance that he could resist the Tempter when his serpent eyes should rest upon him.

And did the sun shine forth again in the house of old farmer Perkins, after the departure of

Edward? Not so. The cloud was heavier, and the heart upon which its murky shadows fell, gloomier than before. It was the saddest Thanksgiving day ever spent in the old family homestead. Try as she would to assume an untroubled aspect for the sake of the children, Mrs. Perkins could not smile, but ever looked at them with wet eyes. And the father, who had striven to seem cheerful, grew silent as the day waned, and, ere nightfall, had retired from the family, to commune with himself alone.

A year has passed. It is the morning of another Thanksgiving day. All is busy preparation in the house of Edward Perkins. The wagon stands at the door, with Tom champing his bits, and looking as sleek and self-satisfied again, as when a twelvemonth gone, he bore his master and family to the pleasant home of old farmer Perkins. Now the children come laughing forth in irrepressible glee; and there is the mother! Not the worn, sorrow-stricken creature we last saw; but a woman with light footsteps, and beaming eyes. And Edward! What a change! Spruce in person; cheerful of countenance; erect, and confident in manner—we scarcely recognize in him the poor, down-looking inebriate, whom we followed with our sympathies, yet almost hopeless, from the house of his father, a year ago.

Now the happy party are in the wagon, and Tom is off at a brisk trot. In a few minutes they are opposite the White Swan.

"I want to stop here for a moment," says Edward, checking the horse. "Hold the lines for a moment, Sarah."

What is the meaning of this? The face of Sarah does not grow pale! There is no look of fear on her countenance—no word of remonstrance on her lips! She smiles as she receives the lines from her husband's hands. Now he springs from the wagon, and now he disappears through that door from which, so many times, he has come forth with all his manhood trailing in the dust. You hold your breath. What madness to tempt the Tempter! Is he already so strong that he can hearken to the voice of the Charmer, and keep free from her snare. How long he stays. Ever and anon the eyes of Mrs. Perkins are turned towards the door through which her husband disappeared. A shadow is beginning to creep over her face, or our sight deceives. There he comes! How the countenance of his wife brightens! Now, with a pleasant word he springs into the wagon, speaks to Tom, and is off. Mr. Perkins looks happy, and he is in fine spirits.

Three miles away, and another public house comes in sight. Will Perkins be able to pass? Let us see. He is nearly opposite—yes, he will go by; no—he has reined up and is getting from the wagon.

"I must give Tom some water," says Perkins.

Sarah makes no objection—does not look concerned. She has strong faith, you think—leans far too heavily upon that broken reed, a drunkard's good resolution. Well—so it is. The sight of a tavern does not disturb her, as you

can see. Tom is watered, and then Edward steps into the house a moment. He soon re-appears, looking animated but not excited; jumps into the wagon, and they move forward again.

Twice more they stop, ere the end of their journey is reached, and yet, when Edward Perkins steps lightly over the threshold of his father's house, there is not even a smell of liquor upon him.

Oh, what a happy Thanksgiving that was in the fine old home of farmer Perkins, in which was not a heavy heart nor a clouded brow. We cannot say there were no wet eyes; for the mother's were brimming all day, but joy's sunshine filled them with beautiful rainbows, so that all who looked into them saw that she was happy.

Are you wondering, reader, as to the causes that produced this change? Do you still fear for the reformed man? Are you in dread lest, ere he

reach his home, tempting temptation again, as he seemed to do in the morning, he will fall at the hand of an insidious foe? Fear not! Since last Thanksgiving day, the people have arisen in their majesty, and said, "We will stop, in this good State, the fiery streams of rum, that, like the pestilence which walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day, is cursing us with a heavy curse, and destroying our sons and our daughters from the land." And the work has been done. Not within a circle of fifty miles from the dwelling of Perkins, is a drop of liquor sold, and the weak one may go forth, fearing no evil.—The law is the staff on which he leans for support. The law has interposed its barrier between him and the rushing flood that was sweeping him on to ruin. He goes out and comes in daily with the signet of manhood bright as of old upon his forehead.

THE MEETING.

BY WINIFRED WOODFERN.

"God, I thank Thee! God, I thank Thee! Thou hast heard my earnest prayer!"
So, through trembling lips, my blessing broke upon the listening air.

When I heard thy well-known accents, and thy footstep on the stair!

Three long years had brought me thither, through the ways of care and pain—

I forgot the heart high broken, and the tears that fell like rain—

"God, I thank Thee! God, I thank Thee! that I meet him once again!"

Was my recognition perfect, oh, thou soul God made for me?

Must I not have watched and waited, on the land and on the sea,

That, unknowing of thy presence, thus my soul went out to thee?

Oh, beloved! Oh, remembered! I could tell a weary tale—

How I pined, and how they wondered that my cheek should grow so pale!

How I yearned to see the sunlight glitter on thy vessel's sail!

Calm and pale, I left my chamber, and went down the oaken stair—

Saw thy glance come up to meet me, as I seemed to linger there—

Marked each stately grace of manner—traced each wave of auburn hair!

Then I stood once more before thee! then deep blushes tinged my cheek—

While I heard my heart beat loudly—felt my coward limbs grow weak—

Suddenly thine arms were round me—neither spoke nor dared to speak!

"Did he love me—ever love me?" thus I asked myself in vain,

While I kept my weary vigil with pale Memory and Pain—

Ah! that meeting solved the question I shall never ask again.

Doubt and Fear have fled forever! Pride has bent her haughty crest!

While thine eyes rained tears upon me, as I lay upon thy breast,

Three sweet angels stood beside me—Faith, and Peace, and perfect Rest!

THE LOST SHELL.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

There laid of yore a rose-lin'd shell
Beneath the silver-shining sea;
Which, as the white waves rose and fell,
Echo'd the sea maid's melody,
And woke, with every breeze that swept,
The spells that 'neath the waters slept!

They say this song-shell dropt of old
From a fair Syren's jewell'd zone,
Upon Sicilia's strand of gold,
As once she wandered there alone;
And ever since, the sunny sea
Has kept that magic melody!

And oft, as rosy sunset flings
Its glories on that haunted shore,
Its mournful song the lost shell sings,
As fain to find the place once more,
It held beneath the Syren's zone,
When erst she wandered there alone.

Still evermore, that lone, lost shell
Sends out its heart beyond the wave,
And woos, with many a golden spell,
The Syren to its pearl-wreathed cave;
But all in vain—the sunny sea
Still keeps that magic melody!

THE NEW TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

[We give the following paper on the benefits of Inhalation in Consumption, from the pen of our friend and correspondent, Mr. Woodworth. His statement, so far as it goes, may be fully relied upon. We sincerely hope the good effect in his case may be permanent, and that all who try the same remedial agent may experience a like happy result:]

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—

I take it for granted, that among your numerous readers, there are not a few who are afflicted with consumption and kindred diseases; and this being the case, I think I may safely presume that a few words in relation to the new agent employed in the treatment of these diseases, will be read with interest.

It is known to you, that some eighteen months since, owing to intense application to my editorial duties, and several other acts of imprudence, I bled profusely at the lungs. This hemorrhage was followed by great prostration of strength; I was confined to my bed for some five weeks, during a great part of which time I was regarded as in a dangerous situation. Gradually, however, I gained strength; and after spending two months in Georgia and Florida, I was able to resume, to some extent, the duties of my profession. But I failed the second time, and a residence of three months at the south, though it proved of some advantage, afforded no permanent benefit; and I was again obliged to suspend my literary labors. In the mean time, I was sensible that the disease in my lungs was making progress. What was to be done? While agitating this question, a friend called my attention to the system of inhalation, as described by Dr. Guilford D. Sanborn, of New York. By this system, the curative principle is received directly into the lungs, by means of medicated vapors. This theory, at the first glance, seemed highly reasonable; and the more I examined it, the stronger seemed the probability of its correctness. *A priori*, I cannot help regarding it as extremely unphilosophical to levy a tax on the stomach, as the old school physicians so generally do, for the benefit of the lungs. Look at it. The stomach, the most abused of all the physical organs, has quite as much as it can do, in all pulmonary difficulties, from sympathy with the diseased members, to keep its machinery in healthful operation. To make it a scapegoat for the sins of other organs, appears to me a little short of absurd. And yet, according to the old system, nauseous and poisonous drugs, in most instances, enough to furnish a village apothecary shop, are thrown into the stomach to impede its action, just at the time when the energies of the system are sinking, and when the heart and the lungs in consequence, are forced to make unusually large drafts on the organs of digestion; for no sensible person, with ever so superficial a knowledge of the animal economy, can help seeing that the regular and rapid conversion of

food into blood, is more than ever necessary in consumption, to repair the waste induced by this disease. It were far better, in my humble judgment, for a physician to give his consumptive patients a thorough *letting alone*, than to give them drugs; and I will do the faculty the credit to believe that they adopt the former, rather than the latter course in some (I wish I could say many) instances.

But I am theorizing, instead of stating facts, which was my main design in these remarks. I must maintain the right of private judgment, however, even, in matters so delicate, so far removed from the comprehension of the vulgar mind, as the cure of diseases. I am quite well aware, that there is a large class of professional men who deem the expression of any opinion, on the part of one of the *laity*, like myself, in respect to the theory and practice of medicine, as most unwarrantable arrogance. Our business, we are told, is to believe, not to speculate; to swallow bitter doses, not to analyze, still less to denounce them. But I see not why I may not have a mind of my own in relation to the physical ills that we are heirs to, and the medicines we are to take for them, as well as in regard to the moral ills of life, and the class and order of theology which is adapted to cure them. I verily believe, that, if I have been grasped by the ruthless hand of Disease, especially when doctors so widely disagree, I may use some discretion about the mode of getting away from him; nor can I exactly see why I should be charged with the presumption of setting myself up for an *Æsculapius* or a *Galen*, because I take such a liberty.

I satisfied myself, as I have already said, as to the philosophy of the system of inhalation. Afterwards, I examined the records of a multitude of cases which had been treated according to this system—for what is that philosophy worth, which has not a broad foundation of facts to stand upon?—to see how they accorded with this theory. The result was an overwhelming amount of evidence of the efficiency of inhalation, both from patients who had had experience of this mode of treatment, and from candid physicians, who had jealously watched the effects of this agent, judiciously employed.

Those who know me, need not be told, for all this, that I am constitutionally rather shy of innovations. I have the reputation of possessing great reverence for the oracles of the professor. This conservatism—I suppose it must have been this thing, I cannot see to what else it is attributable—held me back from making a personal trial of this new system, a long time after I had become in a great measure convinced of its truth. At length, however, I more than half determined to break away from the enclosure of the regular profession, and to vault over its old and moss-covered rails. The physician, who has attended me ever since my severe attack of congestion of the lungs, and who, besides being one of the most rational and

skillful practitioners in the whole round of my acquaintance, is one of the most unselfish and best-natured men in the world, not only gave his cordial assent that I should make trial of this new method of treating pulmonary diseases, but advised me to do so, giving it as his opinion that there was far more sense than quackery in it.

Still I hesitated. You see what an exemplary conservative—pray don't say *old fogey*—I am. I have an unconquerable attachment to the moss and the mould of antiquity. One day, I called on a gentleman in New York who had for years, before my *hegira* into the country, been my physician—one of the most popular, and it is fair to say, one of the most successful members of the faculty in the city—and asked him to examine my lungs. He did so. Incipient tubercles, he said, had begun to show themselves on the right lung. Well, I was prepared for that disclosure. It was no more than I anticipated; scarcely as much. "Now sir," I asked, "would you be willing to take my case under your care, and do you think you could be of any service to me?" He replied, with a frankness not often encountered in the profession, or out of it, "I tell you candidly, I would rather not undertake it; I have very little confidence in my skill in such cases."

After this, I lost no time in consulting Dr. Sanborn. I went to him, rather than to another gentleman successfully practising in accordance with the same theory, mainly because I was better acquainted with his practice; several of my own personal friends, similarly affected with myself, having been under his care, and derived incalculable benefit, in their judgment, from his treatment. Dr. Sanborn's opinion of the state of my lungs, coincided exactly with that of the physician whom I had previously consulted, though, unlike this physician, he was sanguine in the belief that he could be of essential service to me. I placed myself under his directions. I commenced inhaling medicated vapor, according to his advice. I began to use wine, too—under protest, of course, as I am an obstinately temperate man—also according to his direction. In fact, I made a pretty generous use of alcohol, considering my former probity, both outside and inside. These are the principal, though not all the features embraced in the system of Dr. Sanborn. I scrupulously and carefully obeyed all his instructions. I even consented for a time materially to reduce the number of hours devoted to my literary tasks. I inhaled medicated vapors, differently compounded, according to circumstances, twice a day. The process of inhalation, so far from being in itself disagreeable, I found to be very agreeable. It is proper to say, that, according to Dr. Sanborn's practice, these vapors are received into the lungs in a cool state. This feature, which I believe is peculiar to his system, (other practitioners in this new school, employing a heated vapor,) seems to me as a very desirable one.

I had not been under this treatment three weeks, before my appetite was restored, and there was a very perceptible change for the

better in my health; and at the end of six weeks I had recovered a large share of my former strength and capacity for literary labor. At this time, I scarcely perceive that any difficulty whatever, exists in my lungs. My cough has been checked. I do not suffer from want of breath as formerly, when exercising. I do not claim that inhalation has done all this. But is it not a fair presumption that the entire treatment of Dr. Sanborn, including this agent, has been the means of bringing about this happy result? Would not any one say, were I under the care of a doctor of the old school, who was entirely *en regle*, that my improvement was due to his skill? How, then, can I rationally deny to Dr. Sanborn, albeit a little irregular, when judged according to the standard of the old *materia medica*, the credit of doing me immense service?

I write this article for the benefit, not of science in the abstract, but from a strong desire to induce those—and there are multitudes of them in every community—who are suffering from consumption, in any of its stages, or from any other disease of the lungs or the throat, to make trial of this system of inhalation. From my own experience, I am sure it can do no injury, and I am almost equally sure it will prove of essential service.

FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH,
118 Nassau Street, New York.

NEGATIVE POETRY.—The negatively poetical exists everywhere. The life of almost every man, however prosaic to himself, is full of those dumb melodies to his neighbor. The farmer looks from the hillside and sees the tall ship lean forward with its desire for the ocean, every full-hearted sail yearning seaward, and takes passage with her from his drudgery to the beautiful conjectured land. Meanwhile, he himself has Pegasus yoked to his plough without knowing it, and the sailor looking back, sees him sowing his field with the graceful idyl of summer and harvest. Little did the needle-woman dream that she was stitching passion and pathos into her weary seam, till flood came and found them there.—[Lowell.]

BED-CLOTHING.—The bed-clothes, according to Dr. Johnson, should be just sufficient to enable the patient to sleep. It is better to wake with a sensation which induces an inclination to draw the clothes more closely around the shoulders than with an oppressive sense of heat, which induces a disposition to throw the clothes back. We should sleep, as we should eat, because it is necessary; and not for the sake of the luxurious animal gratification which it yields. The short morning dose, into which one often suffers oneself to fall (after the full complement of the night's sleep is over), merely because it is not quite time to rise when one wakes, perhaps about five or six o'clock, is always injurious.

THE SPHINX.

[The following curious sketch is from the pen of the late Edgar A. Poe:]

During the dread reign of the cholera in New York, I had accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a fortnight with him in the retirement of his *cottage ornee*, on the banks of the Hudson. We had here around us all the ordinary means of summer amusement; and what with rambling in the woods, sketching, boating, fishing, bathing, music and books, we should have passed the time pleasantly enough, but for the fearful intelligence which reached us every morning from the populous city. Not a day elapsed which did not bring us news of the decease of some acquaintance. Then, as the fatality increased, we learned to expect daily the loss of some friend. At length we trembled at the approach of every messenger. The very air from the South seemed to us redolent with death. That palying thought, indeed, took entire possession of my soul. I could neither speak, think, nor dream of anything else. My host was of a less excitable temperament, and, although greatly depressed in spirits, exerted himself to sustain my own. His richly philosophical intellect was not at any time affected by unrealities. To the substances of terror, he was sufficiently alive, but of its shadows he had no apprehension.

His endeavors to arouse me from the condition of abnormal gloom into which I had fallen, were frustrated in a great measure by certain volumes which I had found in his library. These were of a character to force into germination whatever seeds of hereditary superstition lay latent in my bosom. I had been reading these books without his knowledge, and thus he was often at a loss to account for the forcible impressions which had been made upon my fancy.

A favorite topic with me, was the popular belief in omens—a belief which, at this one epoch of my life, I was almost seriously disposed to defend. On this subject we had long and animated discussions—he maintaining the utter groundlessness of faith in such matters,—I contending that a popular sentiment arising with absolute spontaneity—that is to say, without apparent traces of suggestion—had in itself the unmistakable elements of truth, and was entitled to as much respect as that intuition which is the idiosyncrasy of the individual man of genius.

The fact is, that soon after my arrival at the cottage, there had occurred to myself an incident so entirely inexplicable, and which had in it so much of the portentous character, that I might well have been excused for regarding it as an omen. It appalled, and at the same time so confounded and bewildered me, that many days elapsed before I could make up my mind to communicate the circumstance to my friend.

Near the close of an exceedingly warm day, I was sitting, book in hand, at an open window, commanding, through a long vista of the river

banks, a view of a distant hill, the face of which nearest my position, had been denuded, by what is termed a land-slide, of the principal portion of its trees. My thoughts had been long wandering from the volume before me, to the gloom and desolation of the neighboring city. Uplifting my eyes from the page, they fell upon the naked face of the hill, and upon an object—upon some living monster of hideous conformation, which very rapidly made its way from the summit to the bottom, disappearing finally in the dense forest below. As this creature first came in sight, I doubted my own sanity—or at least, the evidence of my own eyes; and many minutes passed before I succeeded in convincing myself that I was neither mad nor in a dream. Yet when I describe the monster (which I distinctly saw, and calmly surveyed through the whole period of its progress,) my readers, I fear, will feel more difficulty in being convinced of these points, than even I did myself.

Estimating the size of the creature by comparison with the diameter of the large trees near which it passed—the few giants of the forest which had escaped the fury of the land-slide—I concluded it to be far larger than any ship-of-the-line in existence. I say ship-of-the-line, because the shape of the monster suggested the idea—the hull of one of our seventy-fours might convey a very tolerable conception of the general outline. The mouth of the animal was situated at the extremity of a proboscis some sixty or seventy feet in length, and about as thick as the body of an ordinary elephant. Near the root of this trunk was an immense quantity of black, shaggy hair—more than could have been supplied by the coats of a score of buffaloes; and projecting from this hair downwardly and laterally, sprang two gleaming tusks, not unlike those of the wild boar, but of infinitely greater dimension. Extending forward, parallel with the proboscis, and on each side of it, was a gigantic staff, thirty or forty feet in length, formed, seemingly, of pure crystal, and in shape a perfect prism: it reflected in the most gorgeous manner the rays of the declining sun. The trunk was fashioned like a wedge, with the apex to the earth. From it there were outspread two pairs of wings—each wing nearly one hundred yards in length—one pair being placed above the other, and all thickly covered with metal scales; each scale apparently some ten or twelve feet in diameter. I observed that the upper and lower tiers of wings were connected by a strong chain. But the chief peculiarity of this horrible thing, was the representation of a *Death's Head*, which covered nearly the whole surface of its breast, and which was as accurately traced in glaring white, upon the dark ground of the body, as if it had been there carefully designed by an artist. While I regarded this terrific animal, and more especially the appearance on its breast, with a feeling of horror and awe—with a sentiment of forthcoming evil, which I found it impossible to quell by any

effort of the reason, I perceived the huge jaws at the extremity of the proboscis, suddenly expand themselves, and from them there proceeded a sound so loud, and so expressive of woe, that it struck upon my nerves like a knell, and as the monster disappeared at the foot of the hill, I fell at once, fainting to the floor.

Upon recovering, my first impulse, of course, was to inform my friend of what I had seen and heard—and I can scarcely explain what feeling of repugnance it was, which, in the end, operated to prevent me.

At length, one evening, some three or four days after the occurrence, we were sitting together in the room in which I had seen the apparition—I occupying the same seat at the same window, and he lounging on a sofa near at hand. The association of the place and time impelled me to give him an account of the phenomenon. He heard me to the end—at first laughed heartily—and then lapsed into an excessively grave demeanor, as if my insanity was a thing beyond suspicion. At this instant I again had a distinct view of the monster—to which, with a shout of absolute terror, I now directed his attention. He looked eagerly—but maintained that he saw nothing—although I designated minutely the course of the creature, as it made its way down the naked face of the hill.

I was now immeasurably alarmed, for I considered the vision either as an omen of my death, or worse, as the forerunner of an attack of mania. I threw myself back in my chair, and for some moments buried my face in my hands. When I uncovered my eyes, the apparition was no longer apparent.

My host, however, had in some degree resumed the calmness of his demeanor, and questioned me very vigorously in respect to the conformation of the visionary creature. When I had fully satisfied him on this head, he sighed deeply, as if relieved of some intolerable burden, and went on to talk, with what I thought a cruel calmness, of various points of speculative philosophy, which had heretofore formed subject of discussion between us. I remember his insisting very especially (among other things) upon the idea that the principal source of error in all human investigations, lay in the liability of the understanding to underrate, or to overvalue the importance of an object, through mere misadmeasurement of its propinquity. "To estimate properly, for example," he said, "the influence to be exercised on mankind at large by the thorough diffusion of Democracy, the distance of the epoch at which such diffusion may possibly be accomplished, should not fail to form an item in the estimate. Yet can you tell me one writer on the subject of government, who has ever thought this particular branch of the subject worthy of discussion at all?"

He here paused for a moment, stepped to a book-case, and brought forth one of the ordinary synopses of Natural History. Requesting me then to exchange seats with him, that he might the better distinguish the fine print of the volume, he took my arm-chair at the window,

and opening the book, resumed his discourse very much in the same tone as before.

"But for your exceeding minuteness," he said, "in describing the monster, I might never have had it in my power to demonstrate to you what it was. In the first place, let me read to you a school-boy account of the genus *Sphinx*, of the family *Crepuscularia*, of the order *Lepidoptera*, of the class of *Insecta*—or insects. The account runs thus:

"Four membranous wings, covered with little colored scales of metallic appearance; mouth forming a rolled proboscis, produced by an elongation of the jaws, upon the sides of which are found the rudiments of mandibles and downy palpi; the inferior wings retained to the superior by a stiff hair; antennæ in the form of an elongated club, prismatic; abdomen pointed. The Death-headed *Sphinx* has occasioned much terror among the vulgar, at times, by the melancholy kind of cry which it utters, and the insignia of death which it wears upon its corslet."

He here closed the book and leaned forward in the chair, placing himself accurately in the position which I had occupied at the moment of beholding "the monster."

"Ah! here it is!" he presently exclaimed—"it is reascending the face of the hill, and a very remarkable looking creature I admit it to be. Still, it is by no means so large or so distant as you imagined it; for the fact is, that, as it wriggles its way up this hair, which some spider has wrought along the window sash, I find it to be about the sixteenth of an inch in its extreme length, and also about the sixteenth of an inch distant from the pupil of my eye!"

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

O, laden and weary,
Who strive for the right,
Though earth be all dreary,
Still trust in His might;
Nor fear for the morrow,
That care will betide—
In sickness and sorrow
The Lord will provide.

Though friends look but coldly,
And speak not to cheer,
Act firmly, speak boldly,
A Helper is near;
An Armor for shielding,
A Banner for guide—
Be faithful, unyielding,
The Lord will provide.

The battle once over,
The tempest all past,
The peace of Jehovah
Will comfort at last;
Earth's cares, and its sadness,
But shortly can hide
Heaven's glory and gladness;
The Lord will provide.

MOZART.

There are few things more mysterious and capricious than the way in which genius manifests itself. In fact, there is no calculating upon its advent; for it is sometimes hereditary in families, while elsewhere it appears unexpectedly, like a rare plant that unaccountably springs up, among the simple flowers of the field, from some wind-borne seed. Where it is hereditary, the clever father is often greatly surpassed by the extraordinary son, as in the case of the two Tassos, and the two Mozarts; for though the elder Mozart was a good musician, it is through his son's fame that he is now remembered. Seldom, indeed, have talents so precocious as those of Wolfgang Mozart ripened into such perfection as his maturer years displayed; in him "the child was father to the man." From his sixth to his twelfth year, his father carried him in succession to the most splendid courts in Europe; and everywhere his extraordinary talents surmounted all the formal barriers behind which rank, riches, and worldly prejudice entrench themselves against *adventurers*! Kings and princes were interested and amused; queens and princesses were delighted; musical professors and *dilettanti* were surprised, puzzled, and, in spite of their prejudices, pleased. At Vienna, the most cold and stately of European courts, the infant genius was called upon to exhibit his talents before that haughty and celebrated empress, Maria Theresa, and her sons, Joseph and Leopold, who were successively emperors of Austria. Here also were her daughters the archduchesses, and among them, pre-eminent in beauty, was Maria Antoinette, afterwards the too celebrated queen of France. Unabashed by the rank, undazzled by the beauty of his audience, the boy-musician gave himself up to the inspiration of his art, and became absorbed and entranced by what enchanted his auditors—a listening circle, fit subject for the pencil of some master who had power to seize upon and transfer to his canvas the mutable expression of each face. The majesty of rank, of beauty, and of genius, had never finer representatives, than in the persons of Maria Theresa, Maria Antoinette, and Mozart, whose *petite* figure, pale face, and large, luminous eyes, sufficiently indicated his sensitive temperament. When the musician had concluded, he passed before the circle to receive the compliments and gifts they were prepared to confer upon him. The floor was smooth and polished, and the boy slipped; his court-sword caught between his legs, and he would have fallen, had not Maria Antoinette, with a quick impulse of genuine kindness, sprung from her seat, and caught him by the arm. Mozart regained his footing, and placed himself at arm's-length from the archduchess, whose pure and brilliant complexion was heightened both by the suddenness of her action, and the impulse that had prompted it. "You are very beautiful," said the boy, looking into her kind, bright eyes; "and when I am a man I will marry you." The brow of the

empress mother darkened, and the smile that the boy's simplicity called forth on the faces of those present passed rapidly away.

In early manhood Mozart repaired to Paris, as to a field where he might display his talents, and win his way to fortune and to fame. The archduchess, who had been so kind to him at Vienna, was now the wife of Louis XVI; she was queen of France, loveliest where all were lovely, gayest where all were gay. For her amusement, talent was kept in constant requisition; for her gratification, riches were scattered without restraint. Her smile conferred happiness, her frown brought disgrace; her caprice was the fashion, her will was law; apparently, she was the most favored of the daughters of the earth. Meanwhile, Mozart, who had thought to sun himself in her smile, met with nothing but difficulties; his character was essentially that of genius—grave, tender, earnest; he could not conform to the heartless frivolities of the Parisian character, and his music was not popular. Indifference, neglect, contempt, and poverty, were the portion of the young composer in the very place where he had indulged so bright a day-dream of distinction, and he resolved on returning to his native land. Even there he was not at first successful; his long residence in Italy had influenced his style—he was as much too gay and ornate for the grave Germans, as he had been too pure and grave for the gay Parisians. He was disappointed; and as his occupation led him into the society of actors, artists, authors, composers, and their admirers, he was tending to dissipation.

The misplaced love of Tasso was the cause of much of his suffering; a wiser affection preserved Mozart from the corrupting influences to which his public life exposed him. He became attached to Constance Weber, an actress, who had youth, beauty, and talent, and the far richer and more enduring charms of a temper that was sweet and firm, and a prudence and modesty seldom found in one of her profession. Her friends opposed their union, on the ground of Mozart's poverty and want of station in society—objections the young musician firmly resolved on removing. Fortunately for him, the Elector of Bavaria, at this critical moment, desired him to compose an opera for the theatre at Munich. He seized the opportunity, and wrought with all the enthusiastic energy of his nature, for his heart was in the work. It was his celebrated opera of *Idomeneus*, and Constance Weber was to play the principal character; her idea was thus, as it were, ever before him; and the whole of the music is said to be characterized by such grace, tenderness, and beauty, as only a man of genius in love, and trembling between hope and fear, could have produced. When first represented, it was received with unbounded applause, and his success so far established his reputation, and brightened his prospects, that Constance became his wife. From this time he devoted himself to his profession with steady and

increasing industry; but the envy and opposition so generally attendant upon superior genius fell to his lot; the profits derived from his works were uncertain, and his whole income was insufficient to maintain his family. Though settled at Vienna, and enjoying the favor of the emperor, he was obliged to toil daily for the bread of his little household; while the cabals of rival composers formed a source of misery to his too sensitive mind. He became, like Tasso, the victim of nervous apprehension, and might probably have manifested decided symptoms of insanity, but for the soothing tenderness of his wife. She not only managed their affairs with the utmost prudence, but she exerted all her powers to cheer and support the mind of Mozart. She read to him the night through, unconscious of fatigue; she entered into his hopes; she reasoned away his unbounded fears; she had

"The laws of wifehood characterized in gold
Upon the unbleached tablet of her heart—
A love still burning upward to give light
To read those laws—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silvery flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey!"—

and thus, through their gloomy and fitful fortunes, she was ever to him as a star of hope, brightest when all else was dark. Among his latest works was his *Zauberflöte*, or *Magic Flute*, which became widely popular from the first moment of its appearance; yet from this opera he did not derive the smallest profit; he had just completed the score of it, when a theatrical manager, reduced to extreme distress by a succession of misfortunes, came to implore his assistance: the generous but improvident composer immediately gave him the score of the opera, which subsequently, by its success, relieved all his difficulties. Yet at this score, so freely given to one in distress, he had worked, for a considerable period, for sixteen and eighteen hours a day; and if we consider the exhausting nature of his employment, and the corroding anxieties of a pecuniary nature which still beset him, we cannot wonder that he was becoming prematurely old, and a prey to the most painful nervous disorders. Conscious of his failing powers, yet unwilling to admit that he was the self-devoted martyr to his art, he fancied that his enemies had found means to administer to him the famous *aqua Toffano*, and that he was perishing, by slow degrees, through that subtle poison. This idea was strengthened by the appearance of a stranger, who came to order the celebrated *Requiem*, and, despite the reasonings of his wife, and the railery of his friends, he gave himself up to the belief that it was for his own funeral the *Requiem* was ordered, and that the stranger had calculated the day of his decease. It was liberally paid for, and the daily wants of his family rendered the money acceptable; but Constance would gladly have dissuaded him

from the application necessary to its completion in the given time: still, though he grew more feeble every day, he continued to compose with unremitting zeal, as if fearful that life would barely last till his work was done. In the meantime, the emperor, having heard of his illness and his anxieties, appointed him chapel-master of St. Stephen's, a situation which at once secured him an easy competence, and freed him from the rivalry of his jealous competitors. The friend who hastened to communicate to Mozart the fortune that had at last arrived, found him in bed, busy on the score of the *Requiem*: at the announcement of his new appointment, a faint smile passed over his pale face; but when he looked on his beloved wife, so soon to be a desolate widow, surrounded by helpless orphans, the smile passed from his face as a wintry sunbeam leaves the snow-covered landscape, and he replied, "*It is too late!*"

In a few days the magnificent *Requiem*, whose composition had, as it were, wrung the very life-drops from the heart of Mozart, was performed in the unconscious presence of the now mute composer; often since has it been heard at the funerals of the mighty and the celebrated throughout the cities of civilized Europe; and thousands, as if penetrated by one feeling, swayed by one impulse, have bowed their heads to weep, overcome by the solemn grandeur of its harmony. His works are daily becoming more appreciated, and more widely spread, and form an imperishable monument to his memory. Had he lived to enjoy the competence that awaited him, he might have produced yet nobler works; but he perished in the very meridian of life, his genius not exhausted, but crushed by the heavy hand of necessity. Like too many of the gifted ones of the earth, his fellow-men did not know how divine a spirit animated his clay till he parted from among them, and the knowledge came *too late*.

TO A BEAUTIFUL SINGER.

Oh, thy sweet voice is like the song of some Young
Eden bird,
Which for the first time feels its wing in Heaven's
own sunshine stirred,
And thy clear notes are dulcet ones, and gentle as the
breeze
That wanders with the golden waves upon the sunset
seas;
And thou hast power, thou gifted one, to stir the
feelings all,
And at thy voice the passions rouse, as at a trumpet-
call!

A glorious gift is thine, fair girl, a glorious gift is
thine,
Thou chainest up the spirit's will, as with a power
divine!
The softer feelings bow before the magic of thy art,
And sternest ones will own thy tones go thrilling
through the heart;
And thy memory, in the breasts of those who bow to
thy control,
Is living like a song of joy, imprisoned in the soul!

EXTRACTS FROM THATCHER'S MILITARY JOURNAL.

ANECDOTE.

"July 18, 1776.—I am credibly informed that the following anecdote occurred on the day of signing the Declaration: Mr. Harrison, a delegate from Virginia, is a large, portly man. Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, is slender and spare. A little time after the solemn transaction of signing the instrument, Mr. Harrison said smilingly, to Mr. Gerry,—'When the hanging scene comes to be exhibited, I shall have the advantage over you, on account of my size. All will be over with me in a moment; but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone.'"

THE "OLD SOUTH CHURCH," BOSTON.

"March 23, 1776.—I went to view the Old South Church, a spacious brick building near the centre of the town. It has been, for more than a century, consecrated to the service of religion; and many eminent divines have, in its pulpit, labored in teaching the ways of righteousness and truth. But, during the late siege, the inside of it was entirely destroyed by the British, and the sacred building occupied as a riding school for Burgoyne's regiment of dragoons. The pulpit and pews were removed, the floor covered with earth, and used for the purpose of training and exercising their horses. A beautiful pew, ornamented with carved work and silk furniture, was demolished; and, by order of an officer, the carved work, it is said, was used as a fence for a hog sty. The North Church, a very valuable building, was entirely demolished, and consumed for fuel. Thus are our houses, devoted to religious worship, profaned and destroyed by the subjects of his Royal Majesty."

GENERAL PUTNAM.

"Sept. 8, 1778.—Major-General Putnam has arrived in this vicinity, (the Highlands,) with the divisions of Virginia and Maryland troops under his command, and they have encamped on the borders of the river. Brigadiers Woodford and Muhlenburg have taken up quarters in apartments in our Hospital. This is my first interview with this celebrated hero. In his person, he is corpulent and clumsy, but carries a bold, undaunted front. He exhibits little of the refinements of the well-educated gentleman, but much of the character of the veteran soldier.—He appears to be about sixty years of age, and it is famed of him that he has, in many instances, proved himself as brave as Cæsar. He visited our hospital, and inquired, with much solicitude, into the condition of our patients; observing a considerable number of men who were infected with the *ground itch*, generated by lying on the ground, he inquired why they were not cured. I answered, 'Because we have no hog's lard to make ointment.' 'Did you never cure the itch with tar and brimstone?' 'No, sir.' 'Then,' replied he, good humoredly, 'you are not fit for a Doctor.'"

THE GREAT OX.

"June 24, 1779.—I have just had the satisfaction, with a number of gentlemen, of viewing a

remarkably large, fat ox, which has been presented by some gentlemen in Connecticut, to His Excellency, General Washington. He is six feet seven inches high, and weighs on the hoof, three thousand five hundred pounds; the largest animal I ever beheld."

ANOTHER ANECDOTE.

"Castle William, Sept., 1779.—Walking in the street, I met with James Otis, Esq. He has, for some time, labored under an unhappy mental derangement. I had no expectation that I should be recognised by him; but he accosted me in a very familiar manner, by my Christian name, and inquired about my connexions. He was inquisitive respecting the affairs of the army, and wished to be informed whether I had, on any occasion, been exposed to personal danger, and whether my courage had failed me. A friend related to me the following anecdote, which he received from O. W., Esq., who was present on the occasion. Mr. Otis invited several respectable gentlemen to dinner; in carving at table, he observed a fish not sufficiently boiled, which drew from him some expressions of disapprobation. His lady retorted with an air of ill-humor. Mr. Otis, wishing to avoid altercation, waived his rebuke till dinner was finished, when he returned thanks, that among other favors, the guests at table had escaped the danger of having their noses snapped off."

P. G.

A VISION.*

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

I saw him struggling 'mid the boiling waves,
I heard his frantic cry;
I caught the last wild gleam of agony
From his despairing eye.
It was a dream of direful agony,
Too vivid for a dream;
Too real that pale face, lifted from the waves,
And that imploring scream.
His eyes were turned—his hands were stretched to me.
Loudly he called my name,
Just as, from childhood's years, he always did,
When grief or danger came.
Maddened and desperate, with reckless haste,
I strove, but all in vain,
To drag him from the white-crowned billows' power,
Ere back they rushed again.
Black, black as death the greedy waters yawned,
And howling o'er him broke,
Sweeping him with them from my straining sight,
As, shrieking, I awoke.
But thrice ere morn he called me by my name,
From out that furious tide;
And, if he perished in the sea, I know
He called me as he died!

* Three times, in one November night, did my brother, a wanderer in California, awake me, by, as it seemed, shouting my name from the midst of a stormy sea. Ere long, news came that he was lost, and had probably perished during a storm on San Francisco Bay, about the middle of November.

Selected Miscellany.

THE WAY MY MITHER DID IT.

[Mrs. Frances D. Gage, in a brief article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, relates an instructive incident, and appends thereto some most excellent suggestions:]

I stepped into the dining-room, the other day and found my nice Scotch help arranging the delf (as she calls it) on the shelves of the cupboard, in a very fanciful manner. The plates all turned upon their edges against the back, and the saucers bottom up, with each a cup upright, and a spoon inside.

"Why, Ann," I exclaimed, "don't do so; I don't like it."

"It's the way my mither did it, in the old country, ma'am, and I think it's so pretty," she replied, with an earnest, appealing look, and the tears almost starting from her eyes.

"And my mother taught me to put them up as they were arranged before," said I. "I think you had better replace them."

"Just as ye likes," was her answer, in a subdued and rather disappointed tone—"just as ye likes. Everybody likes the ways of a mither, I'm thinking, and be sure you should have your own way in your own house." And she began to return them to their places with all possible despatch.

I saw she looked hurt. Old memories were welling up in her heart—old memories of days gone by, when in her native land, in the simple cottage beside the "bonnie Byrne," she had made the most of her "mither's" scanty table furniture.

She was thinking of the days of her childhood—the merry days among the heather and the blue bells, upon the brae. Of Robin, who came over the moor, and sat by the "ingleside," of a winter evening; of the father, who played the bagpipes, and the mother, the good, loving mother, that,

"Wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld clothes look ainsel as weel as new."

And all unconsciously, perchance, had her hands piled up the delf, in fantastic rows. And I had bade her stop. Already I was sorry for the order, so deep and holy a feeling, to my mind, is the love and reverence for a mother.

"Never mind, Ann," said I; "never mind; put them up to suit yourself, to-day, and another time I will have them my way."

"Will I, then?" said she, turning to me, with a face burning with smiles and thankfulness, while her eyes were almost swimming in tears. "Will I, then? All the day long, as I go there, I'll be thinking of my mither, and I'll work all the better for ye, for thinking of her. For she taught me mony a lesson to be true for those I wrought for. It's but a small thing, to be sure,

but it does my heart good, now and then, to be following her ways. For, somehow, I think that she never taught me a wrong thing."

I turned away. There were old memories tugging at my heart-strings, too, awakened by this simple incident, which had taught me, in one moment, more of the deep, earnest nature of the girl, than months of the common round of daily duty. Who that has had a mother, gentle and kind, that does not love, now and then, "to be following her ways?"

Had I sneered at those ways, and touched rudely and roughly that vibrating chord of affection, would Ann have loved me, and gone on with a cheerful, willing heart with my work? Would her step have been light, and her song plaintive, yet cheerful, through all the day—if I had crushed those upspringing memories of a joyous time, by forbidding her this innocent display of individualism?

Much is written, and much more talked, of the worthlessness of hired girls. And how shall we remedy evils? is the question everywhere echoing in our ears. Much, too, is written and talked, of the tyranny and harshness of employers.

There is wrong on both sides. There are many very worthless girls, heartless and unfaithful. Many mistresses of the same stamp. But there are those who are strong, and brave, and true; who, though circumstances compel them to fill a subordinate position, have hearts and minds that would grace any station in life. Who shall measure the value of kindness to them? The sympathetic word in their lonely condition; the smile of encouragement; the yielding, now and then, to that earnest feeling of spontaneity, that asks an utterance in every true soul. A word, a look, may bind them to us, and make them fast friends in our hour of need. Aye, lift them up—take their feet from the miry "slough of despond," and place them upon the rock of patience and forbearance, and send them onward and upward in the way of duty. A word, and a look, too, may utterly discourage them, by tearing away the delicate tendrils of hope and trust, which have been clinging and reaching upward for a higher and better life. And they will fall prostrate, trailing all that is beautiful in their natures among the noxious weeds at their feet, with no hand to lift them up, no heart to sympathize with their earnest longing, or to support their feeble efforts.

They are lost. Lost to themselves, to goodness, and to God, but not to the world around them. For while they grovel, so surely will they drag others down to a level with themselves, and society in generations to come, may feel through its members the wrong done by a word unfitly spoken.

No single class of persons hold the comfort of

families so much in their own hands, as that called "servant girls." If the help in the kitchen is out of tune, there is little harmony in the household. A little patient kindness may make all sunshine; a little petulance, haughtiness, pride or contempt, may make all storm and darkness.

Strive encouragingly to cultivate the good and root out the evil. Respect their rights as you would have your own respected, remembering that no rights are so sacred, as the right to our own thoughts, our loves, and our own sweet memories shrined away in our holy of holies—the heart, where no stranger can enter rudely, or with the sneer of contempt, and not raise within us antagonism, disgust, or dislike. Their sweet and pleasant memories are as dear to them as the cherished of our own—and which, if roughly scoffed aside, simple though they may be, cause them to feel that we are enemies, and not friends—spies upon their inner life, and they will be very apt to treat us accordingly. Oh! there are rights higher and holier than those appertaining to dollars and cents. There is a justice which is not weighed by pounds and ounces, or measured by hours or minutes. Thousands may be just, so far as contract goes, living up truly to its very article, yet each and every one be unjust to the true life, unjust to all the better feelings of the soul.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

[The following excellent "hints," are from a recent number of the *Phrenological Journal*.]

It is the business of husbands to appreciate the tender and susceptible nature of woman. To take time and thought for a clear understanding of them phrenologically, which shall make it easier for general allowance; easier to bear, and forbear; to call out harmony when want of congeniality in feeling, or incompatibilities in tastes or temper threaten discord, rending widely apart. It is their business to know that diseases and weaknesses peculiar to the delicate female frame call for compassionate kindness, manly, patient support, and not for harsh intolerance or coldness, when the frailer one droops by their side. How does it happen, that with more than half the married couples one sees, if we note any frank expression of endearment, any affectionate gallantry or smiling courtesy, directly somebody says, "There is a new married couple," or, "That must be a second wife!" What is the matter here? Why among those other wedded ones is the manner cold, careless, abrupt, or at least, a negative civility? Has the wife grown slovenly, unattractive, unlovable, snarling, unmindful of wifely duties, or is it not oftener that the husband has neglected the home business? Has he year by year settled down more self-centred into his abstracted, chosen track, leaving her to become less and less identified with him; her mind and heart developing as it may happen, and not at all under his conscious, earnest, thoughtful influence, so that the delicate fabric

of their first affection, is ground down to common dust?

Ah! there are husbands and wives, for I have seen them, who have lived together years and years, their heads have grown gray together, and children have been born to them, and yet there have been depths in their hearts that each other never knew or dreamed of. Choice feelings that blossomed—and faded—in their cells for want of recognition. Smothered bitterness, that never came to the light to be wiped away with sweet forgiveness, but lay curdling under the growth of custom and dogged endurance. There are words that should have been said, retractions and explanations that should have been made, that are not said and made, no, never on this side the grave!

There are thirsty hearts that want to be told daily, yes, oftener, that they are loved, appreciated, known; that can not bear long fasting, that must have the reassurance that lives in a caress, the eye, the voice. There are other natures, dry, cool, self-nourished, complacently moving on through their busy or worldly cares, who do not need that healing balm, who shake it off as rain is shed from the well-oiled, glossy breast of a bird.

A woman wants to be understood as well as loved, and no man can make a woman really happy, unless he understands her, not only in relation to all the attributes and liabilities of her sex, but individually, and we may as well add, his own also. No doubt, many have gone on pretty smoothly without the light of science, by the help of strong mutual affection, large human nature, and benevolence, and good power of adaptation; but had they been more enlightened, they might have made each other happier still. In that good time when such knowledge will be widely spread by the aid of phrenology, we shall have husbands who know better how to appreciate and treat their wives. Then, a man will comprehend that a woman with a fine mental temperament, large Conscientiousness and Approbativeness, and small Hope and Self-Esteem, needs to be soothed and encouraged, not blamed, or even chidden, especially if Combativeness be also large; that another more coarsely organized, with large Self-Esteem, Mirth, and Hope, will make light of what would utterly crush the other. Then he will try to calm and divert, instead of ridiculing her extreme caution or sympathy, will know better how to assimilate if she have the larger moral organs, and he the religious, or vice versa, and not scold or be chafed by her preferring a different church, and style of preaching from his own.

MASCULINNESS AND EFFEMINACY.—Men ought to be manly; women ought to be womanly, or feminine. They are sometimes masculine, which men cannot be; but only men can be effeminate; for masculineness and effeminacy imply the palpable predominance in one sex, of that which is the peculiar characteristic of the other.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—NO. IV.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"If it is a clear, pleasant day, next Saturday," said Miss Mary, as she dismissed her school on Tuesday afternoon, "we will have our ramble in the woods. Saturday was only three days off, it is true, yet many of the little ones thought it was a long while coming. But it came at last, as bright and beautiful as could be desired. As the weather was not yet very warm, Miss Mary thought it would be best to leave the school-room about ten o'clock, and return from the woods about four or five in the afternoon. Miss Mary had just twenty scholars, nineteen of whom were all seated in the school-room full three-quarters of an hour before ten; a few patiently, but many impatiently, waiting for Fanny Gray, the absent one. "I do wish she would come," said one; "I don't believe she is coming at all," said another. "How provoking to keep us all waiting so long. If I was Miss Mary, I'd go without her," said a third. "Oh! that wouldn't be right; it is not ten yet," replied some of the more patient ones, "and you know we were not to start till ten!" However, after waiting till a quarter of ten, Miss Mary concluded that as their road lay by old Mrs. Gray's house, (for Fanny's parents were dead, and she lived with her grandmother,) they might as well start, and perhaps they might meet her on the way; or, if they didn't, they could stop and inquire for her. As they drew near the house, Fanny saw them, and ran out to the gate.

"Why, what's the matter, my child," said Miss Mary, seeing the little girl was not in readiness for the jaunt, "are you not going with us?"

"Grandma thinks there will be rain," answered Fanny, endeavoring to keep back the tears.

"Rain! Oh! I don't think it will rain to-day, Fanny; where is your grandma?"

"Here I am, Miss Mary; Fanny wants to go very bad, I tell you; but she's so delicate, I wouldn't like her to get wet; and I'm almost

sure there will be a shower, if nothing more, before night."

"Why, what makes you think so, Mrs. Gray? There is not the least appearance of rain, that I can see; those white, fleecy clouds are nothing but wind."

"I don't know as to that," answered the old lady; "but my corns never go on as they do to-day, without we have rain; and the old cat has been rubbing and scratching herself all the morning." The children exchanged glances, one with another, and seemed much inclined to smile; but a look from their teacher restrained them. They thought Mrs. Gray was very foolish to believe in such signs; but Miss Mary knew that when it was likely to rain, the air was overcharged with electricity, which produces in the cat a sensation of itching, and that made her rub and scratch herself. She knew, too, that the change in the air, which takes place previous to rain, would cause a person's feet to swell, and that would make their corns ache. So she did not think Mrs. Gray was so foolish, after all. But yet she did not think it would rain before they got home. So she tried to persuade Fanny's grandma to let her go, assuring her that if she saw any signs of a shower coming up, she would start home immediately. Well, at last Mrs. Gray consented, and Fanny ran to put on another frock, while her grandmother fixed up her dinner. This was soon accomplished, and then a half hour's walk brought the score of merry little ones to Cedar Grove.

It was a beautiful place—just trees enough to make a nice shade, and not so thick but that they could play "King William was King James's son," "Tread, tread on Green Grass," or any thing else they liked. There were plenty of flowers, too, scattered all about; lilacs, buttercups, violets, daisies, &c. The birds and butterflies also had a pic-nic there, so one of the little

boys said, and were darting about from one tree or bush to another, as if they were playing "tag," or "pussy wants a corner." It was not long before the children were as busy at play as they; and, after two hours of such hard work, they were all fully prepared to do justice to the nice biscuit, cakes, doughnuts, pies, &c., which were so snugly stowed away in each little basket; not forgetting that for a dessert they were to have a saucer of strawberries and cream from Miss Mary's father. Mr. James, for that was Miss Mary's father's name, had sent over the strawberries and cream soon after he saw the children enter the grove; so they felt pretty sure of not being disappointed. After they had all eaten as much as they wanted, off they went to their play again. Their teacher told them they had four hours to amuse themselves in.—The children thought that was a very long while; yet when Miss Mary rang her little bell for them to get ready to go home, they could scarcely believe it was more than three o'clock, though it wanted only ten minutes of five.—Miss Mary told them there was no time to lose, for she had just noticed a cloud rising in the south-west, and she was fearful, from its appearance, a storm was at hand. "More hurry, the less speed," says the proverb, and so, indeed, it seemed; for, notwithstanding they all jumped about very briskly, they were nearly half an hour getting ready to start. One little girl had forgotten where she put her basket, and another couldn't find her bonnet; so that when they left the grove, they began to be uneasy lest it should rain before they reached home. They had not gone far before it began to lighten, and thunder was heard in the distance. Soon the wind commenced blowing violently, and the dust almost blinded them. Miss Mary hurried them along, hoping, at least, they might reach Mrs. Gray's. But it was all in vain; they were still a considerable distance from the cottage when the rain came down in torrents. What was to be done? There was no house near, so the children ran for shelter under a shed that stood by a large tree near the road-side.

"Not there! not there!" cried Miss Mary.—"See, there is a barn just across the field; we shall be safer there."

"Oh! but it rains so hard, Miss Mary," said some, "we shall get soaking wet."

"Never mind that; better get wet than run the risk of getting killed." And Miss Mary, taking a little one by each hand, ran hastily towards the barn. The rest followed, and as it had then ceased raining for a few minutes, they all reached it without much damage. Scarcely had they done so, however, when a sharp flash of lightning, followed instantly by a heavy peal of thunder, made every one start, and cry out with fear.—And no wonder; for the tree and shed they had just left were shivered to pieces. Some of the children, Aggie and Fanny among the rest, were so frightened that they did not know what they were about. One minute they were intent upon rushing home through the rain, which was again descending in torrents, as if there alone was protection from the storm; and the

next they were clinging wildly to Miss Mary, begging her to save them. Miss Mary told them that in all probability, the greatest danger was past, as it was not likely there would be another flash so near as that; and, moreover, the building they were in was protected by a lightning-rod. The children could not understand exactly how a lightning-rod could protect them; yet, as they had every confidence in Miss Mary's word, they gradually became more calm; and, after a while, commenced asking numerous questions about the cause of lightning, thunder, and so on. Miss Mary answered a few simple ones for them, but as there would not be time then to explain the subject fully, she promised to do so some other time.

AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL LIFE.

NEVER TWIT A BOY FOR WHAT HE CAN'T AVOID.

Incidents trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to fortune, or sent it downward to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. We give place to the following true narrative, as an illustration of this fact, and because it inculcates a truth which every man, woman, and child, may profitably bear in mind.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now, to some extent, among district schools in the country, to have spelling school during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon, they would meet in our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, poly-syllables, abbreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that "missed," was to sit down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few

rounds, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived from town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had sat up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators were excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools, and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by my side, and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, master G., the son of the *rich man* of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend, and a number of boys from the other school—"Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes, but I kept them back; as soon as possible, I slipped quietly away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home.—But what a home! "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show master G., if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting word and haughty manner. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Mother, seeing my grief, waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said:

"My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret

that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help.—But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realized the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G.'s. It was so unjust, and so uncalled for. Now, boys, remember, always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks towards any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling-school at a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy twitted you of poverty, and being a drunkard's son?" "I do, most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not, probably, a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame; and, as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help.

A FARMER'S son, who had been bred at college, coming home to visit his parents, they being at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them that by logic and arithmetic he could prove those two fowls to be three. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why, this," said the scholar, is one, and this is two; two and one, you know, make three." "Since you have made it out so well," answered the old man, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep for your great learning."



A SEAL.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

NO ONE can be made a scholar; almost all can make themselves scholars.

HASTY EBULLITIONS are often best met by silence, for the shame that follows the sober, second thought, pierces deeper than rebuke.

VERY FEW men, compared with the whole human family, can be especially distinguished; but all are competent to become useful and beloved.

LEAVE NO broken link in the chain you are daily forging. Perfect your work so that when it is subjected to the trials and experiences of life, it will not be found wanting.

THE VERY monuments men raise to perpetuate their names, consume and moulder away themselves, and proclaim their own mortality, as well as testify that of others.

THERE IS NO fear of knowing too much, though there is great fear of practising too little. The most doing man shall be the most knowing man.

IT IS the little trials of life which irritate the temper and destroy the equanimity of the mind; just as the continual falling of water-drops, one by one, wears away the solid rocks.

TRUE HOPE is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.

IF A man's projects succeed, we applaud his sound business judgment; if they fail, we see the cause of failure so plainly, that we are astonished at his want of forethought in not seeing it at the beginning.

A MAN may become blind by reading, and yet be comparatively ignorant. It is only by reading thoroughly a few good books, and weighing their statement of facts, and reflecting on the lessons of virtue they inculcate, that we become wiser and better.

THE NAUGHTIEST and most aristocratic class in any community, is that set of ignorant, purse-proud men, who, by trade or fortunate speculation, have raised themselves from low stations, and are now swimming upon a golden wave. They value a man's worth by the length of his purse, and place the same low estimate upon intellectual greatness, which is placed upon their own shallow brains, by all sensible men.

AN INFINITELY greater number come short of the true standard of human excellence, by reason of small defects of character, than by the commission of actual crimes; and he who would desire to fulfill the conditions of a perfect man, as near as may be in our imperfect state, must watch more closely the small errors of act and thought, than the tendencies to greater crimes.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

WHAT EVERGREEN shrub did Hero name when her lover crossed the Hellespont? Ans. O-leander!

YOU can generally tell how popular you are with a lady by the length of time she keeps you waiting while dressing to receive you.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY generally has but two faults—first, in being hollow-headed; and secondly, hollow-hearted.

THE STRONGEST kind of a hint. A lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

THERE IS one very good reason why ladies should be eligible for members of Congress, viz: they would afford such abundant facilities for pairing off.

THE OTHER day a school girl was married. A little girl, about eleven, of the same school, said to her parents, "Why, don't you think, —'s married, and she hasn't gone through fractions yet!"

"YOUR HAND annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Roche to a talkative person, who was constantly suiting the action to the word, as he sat next him at dinner. "Indeed, my lord," replied the babler, "we are so crowded at table, that I do not know where to put my hand." "Place it upon your mouth," said the Prince.

THE EARL of Cork, being under the correction of his schoolmaster, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod: "One of your ancestors invented an orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny; but you, I fear, will never invent anything but mischief, nor translate anything but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honored with birch."

IT IS objected, and we admit often with truth, that the wealthy are ready to bestow their money, but not to endure personal inconvenience. The following anecdote is told in illustration: The late Duke of D. was walking in St James's street, in a hard frost, when he met an agent, who began to importune his Grace in behalf of some charity which had enjoyed his support. "Put me down for what you please," peevishly exclaimed the Duke; "but for heaven's sake don't keep me in the cold."

THE LATE Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister: As the coach was about starting, before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh! by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it—but thee must not make a practice of it!"

The Housekeeper's Friend.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CUSTARD PIE WITHOUT EGGS.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* furnishes this recipe:—"Some of your readers who are so unfortunate as to reside in a city, complain of the high price of eggs. This must be a serious item of expense to those who regard them as an indispensable article of food. Those whose purse or notions of economy forbid the purchase of eggs, will have to do without their dish of ham and eggs, etc.; but a little skillful experimenting will enable them to enjoy a custard pie nearly equal in flavor to the genuine article. Place a quantity of new milk, as much as desired, over a slow fire, and allow it to heat slowly until it boils, taking pains not to scorch it, as that imparts a disagreeable taste. For every quart of milk take four tablespoonfuls of flour; beat it well with cold milk, to prevent it being lumpy, and as soon as the milk boils, pour in the thickening, and stir it well until it boils again; then remove it instantly from the fire. Sweeten to suit the taste, and flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon, and it is ready for use, either cold or hot. Prepare the crust as usual for custard pies, fill them with the above preparation, and bake them an hour, in an oven moderately hot.—When sufficiently cooked, they will resemble in appearance a genuine 'egg pie,' and will scarcely be distinguished by the taste. Custards may be made in the same way, and, if baked until the whey starts, they will be nearly equal to those prepared with eggs. Rice and other puddings may be made without eggs, by boiling and thickening the milk in this way, and if they are well baked, will prove excellent."

TO MAKE FRUIT PIES.—No *under crust* should be made to apple or any fruit pie. It is always heavy, and not fit to eat. Place a narrow rim of paste around the edge of the plate, and fill with the fruit, either raw or stewed, and cover it. The juices will be retained much better, and will save a *sight* of flour and butter, which is no trifling consideration in these days, and, what is of more consequence, save dyspepsia, which costs more. After cutting, they are taken out with a spoon.

MILK IN BREAD.—I have more objections than one, says a writer in the *Water Cure Journal*, to milk in bread; but the most serious is, that persons of advanced age, who are in the daily use of milk-made bread, will be expected to suffer from an over supply of osseous or bony matter, and particularly if their kidneys be affected. Bread should always be made with water, and when so made, it is suitable for the aged and the young, the sick and the well.—And as for sour milk, a microscopic view would, I presume, present additional arguments against its use.

DEVILLED BONE.—The remains of a rib of a sirloin of beef, or the back-bone of a shoulder of mutton, the legs of fowls, turkeys, &c., should be slightly cut all round with a knife, and well rubbed with cayenne and salt, and a teaspoonful of Chili vinegar, or ketchup, or relish, and broiled gently hot through and brown. Serve very hot.

BROILED AND DEVILLED TOAST.—Toast a round of bread, cut a quarter of an inch thick; mix in a plate one ounce of butter, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of relish or sauce; spread it over the toast, and serve very hot. Broiled kidneys, or sausages, may be served on it.

BROILED HAM.—A slice of ham, a quarter of an inch thick, will take eight minutes, over a sharp fire, turning it often. Bacon about the same.

BREAD APPLE CAKE.—Well butter a tart-dish of any size, about three inches deep; cut some slices of bread, quarter of an inch thick, which lay in it so that the bottom and sides are quite covered; stew some apple nearly dry; put them on the bread until the dish is full; cover over with more butter and bread, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour; remove it from the dish; turn over, and dish it up with sugar on the top.

ECCEL CAKE.—To a quarter of a pound of currants, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, some lemon-peel chopped fine, an ounce of sugar, roll out about a quarter of a pound of puff paste, roll it round the size of a small plate, and nearly an inch thick; then put a tablespoonful of the mixture over it, roll another piece of paste over it, and bake a nice, delicate color.

GROUND RICE CAKE.—Break five eggs into a stewpan, which place in another, containing hot water; whip the eggs for ten minutes, till very light; then mix in by degrees half a pound of ground rice, six ounces of powdered sugar; beat it well. Any flavor may be introduced.—Pour into a buttered pan, and bake for half an hour.

BUTTERED APPLES.—Peel, slice and core one pound of apples; put into a frying pan about two ounces of butter; add the apple, and cover over with two ounces of pounded sugar; put them in the oven until done. A very nice dish for children. When done, they may be dished up on a nice crisp piece of toast, with sugar over.

OMELETTE SOUFFLE.—Break four eggs; carefully separate the white from the yolk; put both in different basins; add to the yolk three teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and one of flour, a little grated orange or lemon peel, or any other flavor you prefer; stir the whole for

five minutes, then beat the white of the eggs with a whisk; when firm, mix lightly with the yolk till forming a nice, smooth, light, and rather firm substance; then put it either in a tin pan, cake pan, or a common pan, which can stand the heat of the oven, buttering it well.

If in a tin dish, shape it in pyramids with a knife, put it in a moderate oven, from ten to twelve minutes, sugar over and serve. When nearly done, an incision or two with the point of a knife may be made through the thin crust; it will make it lighter. You may also put two ounces of butter in the frying pan, and when hot put in your mixture, and toss it round three or four times; put it on a dish, and bake as above. Ten minutes will do it.

ON CARVING JOINTS—Soyer gives the following directions:

First, you must truss your joint with taste, and take away any unsightly bone, to give it a good shape, more especially the neck, loin, or breast, of either veal, mutton, pork, or lamb.

For a shilling or so, you can purchase a small saw, and instead of letting the butcher divide the bone of a loin of mutton carelessly, saw the bone through at about the distance of half an inch from each other. Ribs of lamb, and breasts of mutton and veal the same. These being most difficult joints to carve, should be sawn carefully.

Roast ribs of beef, and sirloin, ought to be cut thinnish, following, as near as possible, the grain of the meat, which you can soon learn to do by paying a little attention. A little fat and gravy should be served on each plate.

Salt beef ought to be cut thinner still. If out of a round or a silver side, cut it even. Cold meat requires to be cut thinner than hot.

Roast fillet of veal, cut as round of beef, helping thin slices of bacon, or salt boiled pork; a little stuffing and gravy to be added.

Mutton requires to be cut rather thicker than beef or veal; pork the same.

My way of carving a leg of mutton is by putting one prong of the fork into the knuckle bone, holding it in the left hand, then I cut five or six slices in a slanting manner, towards me, dividing the first two or three cuts equally among all the plates. By this method you keep the meat full of gravy, each slice retaining its portion; and it is far better, in an economical point of view, than cutting the joint across the centre, as by this means, all the gravy runs out, especially if the meat is over done.

Haunch of mutton I carve the same, giving a slice of the loin, and one of the leg to each guest.

Saddle of mutton should never be cut across the loin, if you study economy. Pass the point of the knife between the back-bone and the meat, then begin at the top and cut as thin chops in a slanting position, each slice about half an inch thick—which will give you a fair proportion of fat and lean. By this method, you can cut enough for ten or twelve persons, whereas by the other way, you can only get enough for four or five.

For leg of lamb or pork, proceed as for mut-

ton, and for loin, ribs, breast, or neck of either, proceed as above, having previously divided it with a saw, which greatly facilitates the carving of these joints.

FRIED FISH, JEWISH FASHION.—This is an excellent way of frying fish, which is constantly in use by the children of Israel, and I cannot recommend it too highly; so much so, that various kinds of fish, which many people despise, are excellent, cooked by this process; in eating them, many persons are deceived, and would suppose them to be the most expensive of fish. The process is at once simple, effective, and economical; not that I would recommend it for invalids, as the process imbibes some of the fat, which, however palatable, would not do for the dyspeptic or invalid.

Proceed thus:—Cut one or two pounds of halibut in one piece, lay it in a dish, cover the top with a little salt, put some water in the dish, but not to cover the fish; let it remain thus for one hour. The water being below, causes the salt to penetrate into the fish. Take it out and dry it; cut out the bone, and the fins off; it is then in two pieces. Lay the pieces on the side, and divide them into slices half an inch thick; put into a frying pan, with a quarter of a pound of fat, lard, or dripping (the Jews use oil); then put two ounces of flour into a soup-plate, or basin, which mix with water, to form a smooth batter, not too thick. Dip the fish in it, that the pieces are well covered; then have the fat, not too hot, put the pieces in it, and fry till a nice color, turning them over. When done, take it out with a slice, let it drain, dish up, and serve. Any kind of sauce that is liked, may be used with it; but plain, with a little salt and lemon, is excellent. It is excellent cold, and can be eaten with oil, vinegar and cucumbers in summer time, and is exceedingly cooling. An egg is an improvement in the batter.

The same fish as before mentioned as fit for frying, may be fried in this manner. Eels are excellent done so; the batter absorbs the oil which is in them.

Flounders may also be done in this way. A little salt should be sprinkled over before serving.

In some Jewish families all this kind of fish is fried in oil, and dipped in batter, as described above. In some families they dip the fish first in flour, and then in egg, and fry in oil. This plan is superior to that fried in fat or dripping, but more expensive.

Many of the above mentioned families have stated days on which they fry, or stew their fish, which will keep good several days in summer, and I may almost say, weeks in winter; and being generally eaten cold, it saves them a deal of cooking. Still, I must say, that there is nothing like a hot dinner.—*Soyer's Shilling Cookery.*

A CHEAP and nutritious soup may be made by an ox-foot, or cow-heel; clean, and partly boil; stew till tender, remove the meat from the bone, cut into nice pieces, and proceed as for mock-turtle.

Editor's Department.

FASHIONABLE MOURNING.

We have not yet forgotten the sensation experienced many years ago, on our first visit to the city of New York, in passing a "ready-made coffin warehouse," and seeing the display of coffins in the window, and the pair of upright coffins on each side of the door. This making a business of death, and intruding its paraphernalia upon the public eye, struck us as something so coldly heartless, that it made our flesh creep. We have grown more familiar with such things since, and can now pass the coffin warehouse without an emotion. The "mourning store" next startled us, with its solemn drapery, and priced sorrow in styles of tempting elegance. Here was another aspect of the case. First we had the joiner, indifferently pursuing his trade, and like his neighbors, exhibiting his wares to the gaze of customers. The coffin was a simple necessity, made and bought, and put out of sight as quickly as possible. But, the "mourning store" went beyond this; it established itself, not so much on the painful fact of mortality, as on the love of dress, submitting itself, in feigned sorrow, to the observance of custom. From the establishment of a mourning store, to the getting up of fashionable mourning, is only an easy and natural progression. And that aspect of the case we now have, as may be seen in the following description of the styles of mourning that will be presented this season. We take it from a New York paper, and submit it to the inspection of our readers, most of whom will agree with us, that it is a curious document:

"The mourning for the coming season is distinguished for the richness and variety of the materials, and the grave, yet graceful elegance of the different styles. Purple, which was lately looked upon with disfavor, as an innovation, and used sparingly in consequence, has gradually worked its way into public favor, and is now recognized as one of the genuine hues of grief. This is to be attributed not only to the beauty and becomingness of the color, but to its possessing the rare quality of contrasting and harmonizing with the standard mourning colors, black and white. This it possesses in common with lavender, but its greater depth of color gives it an incalculable advantage over the older, but less brilliant favorite. For deep mourning, which rejects all light shades as jealously as deep grief rejects all consolation, we have seen bombazines of the finest texture, a very rich kind of corded silk, called ducabe, and the lustrous silk barathra, a fabric eminently suited for the purpose. For lighter mourning, we have seen very elegant flounced brocade robes on a ground of purple silk, and a robe of moire antique in alternate stripes of lavender, ashes of roses, white and black, that

was superb. From the mourning hats on exhibition in Bartholomew's, we select a few remarkable for their beauty. The Rachel Pauline is made of heavy English crape, and trimmed in the inside with bows of the same description. A fall of crape, almost large enough for a demi-veil, is attached to the hat, and flung back over the cape, adding still more to the gloomy and funeral character of the whole. Another very pretty hat was composed of silk, ribbed with velvet; a fall of lace, embroidered with straw, was thrown backwards from the edge over the hat; the cape, trimmed with straw embroidered lace, was slightly elevated on one side, to give room for a bow of moire antique ribbon, and on the other side was a feather, tipped with straw. The chenille embroidery mentioned in connection with the other hats, is found in mourning establishments also, and enters largely into the composition of mourning bonnets. The "Rachel" is a beautiful specimen of this kind. The foundation of purple silk is overlaid with black lace, elaborately embroidered with purple chenille and bugles, and loops of chenille carried round the edge of the hat and curtain, impart to it a finished look. A bow of broche chenille ribbon is inserted under the curtain, and feathers tipped with purple chenille complete the outside adornments."

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Mrs. Gage, in a recent number of the *Ohio Cultivator*, relates a little incident, which it is not hard to believe is strictly true:

"Dining a year or two since with a wealthy, influential Ohio farmer, the father of a large family, six of them girls, one of them refused to give her infant meat and green corn. The gentleman broke out into a regular tirade against the foolishness of the age; insisted that he did not want to hear any of the new-fangled fooleries about his house; the children should have just what they wanted, and as much of it, for the more the better. 'Stuff them with pork and cabbage, and they will not grow up puny—never knew a child eat too much in his life.' Yet this gentleman was quite a scientific farmer; could tell all about the wheat midge, weevil, and fly; knew exactly the ways and doings of the curculio and potato bug, and would not have had his calves, colts, or even pigs 'stuffed,' as he was stuffing his children, for any consideration; yet declared that nobody would have dyspepsia who eat enough, and divers other equally sensible remarks; and yet this man has more influence in the neighborhood and State, in forming the public opinion, than any ten women I know of."

It is said that a Dutch farmer is more careful of his horse than of his wife; and we fear the

allegation holds good against a great many other farmers. In the instance just cited, it is plain that the "influential Ohio farmer," valued his stock much higher than he did his children, and considered calf and colt physiology as more worthy of study than human.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must again refer, by way of apology and explanation, to the impossibility of our answering all the communications we receive from strangers, who write, asking advice on literary, and other matters, personal to themselves. From young writers, who desire remunerative employment for their pens, and enquire of us how they are to proceed in order to accomplish their wishes, we receive many letters—some, as time permits, we answer, and some lie week after week upon our table, and are at length laid aside, or destroyed. To give time, thought, and the labor of writing to each, would consume far more time and strength than we can spare from duties that claim our first and best efforts. Many of these letters reveal just enough of the writers' personal history to excite our liveliest sympathy, and awaken a most earnest desire to serve them; but service in the way they ask, it is impossible for us to give. We cannot buy their articles, for in but few instances would they suit the tastes of our readers, and we cannot direct them to any publisher, who, we believe, would employ them. The fact is, writing for periodicals is, at best, a poor business, and they who look to it as a means of subsistence, will, in nine cases out of ten, find themselves grievously disappointed.

But, we only mean, in the present writing, to pen a general answer to numerous correspondents, who may be expecting to hear from us, when their letters are filed away, or destroyed.

OUR MAGAZINE.

We endeavor, in our Magazine, to give subjects for mental recreation as well as instruction. The mere frivolous we avoid, yet offer as much that is light, and agreeable, as we think our readers desire. As far as it is in our power, we make it a *Home Magazine*, and we have the gratifying assurance, that to thousands of home circles it comes a welcome visitor. Not as a mere instructor does it enter the household, but as a cheerful, intelligent visitor, on whose words young and old may dwell with interest. Such we design our *Home Magazine* to be, and such, we are gratified to know, many thousands find it.

WE CONTINUE our fashion and needlework patterns, for such of our lady readers as are interested in these matters. We confess to not being very learned on such subjects, but we get the experience and suggestions of one who is, and so the deficiency is made up.

ONE MORE number of the *Home Magazine* will complete the sixth volume. We had hoped to finish our story of "The Good Time Coming" with the present volume, but, it has grown on our hands beyond the limit set in the begin-

ning, and will, in all probability, extend into the first number of the seventh volume, in the form of extra pages. With the January issue of our Magazine, we expect to commence another story, the title of which will, in due time, be announced.

IN COMMENCING a new series of his *City Item*, Mr. Fitzgerald tells an interesting story of his struggles in the effort to establish his paper. He deserves great credit for his perseverance; and we are of those who sincerely congratulate him on the ultimate success he has achieved. Few men would have persevered to the end, against so large an army of difficulties.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

A splendid series of concerts was given in our city during the latter part of September, by Parodi, assisted by Mad. Strakosch; and by Mad. La Grange, assisted by Bignoli, Morelli, and Amodio. At the concerts of Parodi, Strakosch, one of the most accomplished performers of the day, presided at the piano, and never acquitted himself better. The singing of Parodi was magnificent; she went even beyond herself, and met with storms of applause. Her execution is wonderful. Mad. La Grange gave only one concert, but that was in every respect a musical treat. Her voice, though strong and full, has remarkable flexibility, and shows exquisite training. The gentlemen who divided the honors with her during the evening almost sung the audience off their feet. With La Grange as Prima Donna, they would draw crowded audiences in Italian Opera. We have rarely heard concerted pieces given with such splendid effect as they were on this occasion.

The Philharmonic Society organized the present year, by re-electing the old and popular President, Mr. A. G. Waterman. He declines serving, however, we understand, and the Society bids fair to slumber, temporarily, if it does not fall into a never-waking sleep.

Our Academy of Music is progressing rapidly. It will be completed, doubtless, quite as early as promised.

The public have lost a delightful singer. We mean Miss Caroline Pintard. Do not weep, reader. Miss P. still lives, but to bask in the smiles of wedded life. She has married a very accomplished gentleman, our present French Consul in Philadelphia, and has hence retired to private life. Her rich contralto voice will be heard, doubtless, often hereafter, in the private salons, but never in public. We congratulate the husband on the possession of so beautiful and accomplished a lady.

The London *Daily News* thus notices the debut of the American cantatrice, Miss Lucy Eastcott, in Italian opera, at Drury Lane Theatre: "Miss Lucy Eastcott, who performed the part of *Elena*, is an American lady, whose recent successes at several of the principal theatres in Italy have been much spoken of. Her appearance is youthful and pleasing. Her figure is small and somewhat slight, but very elegant;

her features are very delicate and feminine, and her voice, a high soprano, is remarkably clear and flexible, with that vibrating quality which conduces greatly to expression. Her intonation is beautifully true, and her execution and style are those of a highly accomplished artist. The manner in which she sang her first air, *O matutini albori*, charmed the audience at once; and her whole performance, full of refinement, spirit, and sensibility, was a continued triumph."

Strangers from every quarter were pouring into Paris, and the theatres were in the heyday of fortune. *Les Vepres Siciliennes* continued its successful march, and Roger, as well as Madame Alboni, had appeared in Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, while at the Opera Comique, Madame Ugalde is singing the role of *Katherine in L'Etoile du Nord*. *Le Prophete* at the Grand Opera, and *L'Etoile du Nord* at the Opera Comique, were both decidedly in fashion. The correspondent of the *New York Musical Review*, says: "Meyerbeer is the only contemporaneous composer whose works tell upon the masses—when they are performed under certain conditions; that is to say, with all the luxuriousness of our *mise en scene*, and with those marvellous ensembles which distinguish the representations directed by Meyerbeer himself. Thus, whenever the *Prophet* or the *Star of the North* are given without these conditions, the public wearies of the performance. Of course, this observation by no means applies to *Robert le Diable* or *Les Huguenots*, (especially the fourth act of the latter, which will always remain chefs d'œuvre of their kind."

The engagements for the orchestra and chorus of the season, at the New York Academy, were nearly completed, as early as the middle of September. These will be found most excellent and effective, as they have been more carefully selected and appointed than heretofore. The new operas (new to America, and one of which is *L'Etoile du Nord*,) are to be produced.

The Germania Society were again re-united, for a time, under Carl Bergman, at Newport, whither many of the Italian artists had gone, to recruit in health—and pocket.

At the annual examination of the Leipzig Conservatory, a Boston boy had produced a favorable impression by his singing of German songs. His name was George W. Pratt, well known before he left America for Europe as a most excellent class-teacher in the public schools of Boston. The Leipzig *Signale* says of his rendering of an aria from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*: "The intense heat of the hall must have been somewhat prejudicial to the fine baritone voice of Mr. Pratt; as for the rest, he rendered the aria in an intelligent and praiseworthy manner."

A musical organization, called the *Beethoven Choral Union*, has lately been formed in Toledo, (Ohio,) with the following corps of officers: President, G. F. Robinson; Vice-President, David Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, E. D. Nye; Librarian, H. S. Dunshee; Board of Directors, E. Haskell, T. C. Mayhew, J. R. Cochran, M. Brigham, and J. P. Scott; Conductor, E. P. Mosman. *Flora's Festival* was given with much

success by a juvenile class, under the instruction and direction of Mr. E. P. Mosman, who seems to be awakening quite a musical interest.

The Ohio State Musical Association held its first meeting at Cleveland, commencing the 17th August, and continuing four days, conducted by Dr. Lowell Mason, W. B. Bradbury, and C. M. Cady. The members registered numbered over four hundred, including representatives from Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Western New York.

Benevantino, the bustling and noisy baritone, is engaged for six months at Madrid. Signor Lorini is at Paris, where his wife, (the American prima donna, formerly Miss Virginia Whiting) has joined him. "Rosini," says the genial Dick Tinto, of the *New York Times*, "actually made the journey to Tronville in a railroad car. He had so much trouble with the incommensurable shay in which he seems to have come from Italy here, that he determined to overcome his prejudices and his terrors. He therefore sent his confidential and intimate adviser over the road, to examine its condition, and to investigate the solidity of the bridges and the tunnels. It so happened that the somewhat famous accident at Romilly occurred to the very train in which was the special agent, and his report to the composer was not of a nature to dispel his uncertainties. He nevertheless yielded to the solicitations of his friends, went to Tronville by steam, and arrived unhurt."

At Vienna, most of the artists have been re-engaged for the next season, upon advantageous terms. Bettini, our former robust tenor, is to receive twelve thousand florins for three months; Carrion, one of the very best living tenors, ten thousand florins; Bassini, the same; Medori, fourteen thousand florins, and so on. The Austrian florin is about fifty cents.

Catharine Hays, after great success in Calcutta, has returned to Australia, where her popularity and profit continue unabated. She is now Mrs. Bushnell; but, according to the ridiculous custom of the stage, still holds on to the maiden name.

The *New York Musical Review* says that a school is really to be established, in connexion with the Academy, in that city, according to the original plan, and it hopes that the same thing may be done at our Academy.

Music by steam will soon be accomplished; a Yankee genius having succeeded in making a musical instrument which will be the very thing itself. His name is Joshua C. Stoddart, and he hails from Worcester, Massachusetts.—The following will give an idea of his invention:

The instrument is of simple construction, and when once thoroughly put together, will seldom if ever get out of repair. It consists of a horizontal steam chest or cylinder, some six feet in length, and from four to six feet in diameter, which is fed with steam from the large boiler in the establishment where it is located. Upon the top of this cylinder is a series of valve-chambers, placed at equal distances from each other, into which the steam is admitted without obstruction. Each valve-chamber contains a

double metallic valve, with no packing, yet it fits so closely upon its seat as to allow no steam to escape. To each of these valves is connected a very small piston-rod or stem, which passes through the chamber, and is operated upon by machinery without. Were it not for this stem, the valve would be simply a double-balance valve, and would remain stationary wherever placed, the pressure of steam being equal on all sides; but a part of one end of the valve being carried outside of the chamber, gives it the self-closing power, which is the nicest part of the whole invention, and perhaps the best patentable feature. With a slight pressure against these rods, the valve is opened; and when the pressure is removed, it closes as quick as steam can act, which is not much behind electricity! directly over each of these valves is placed a common alarm whistle, constructed similar to those used upon locomotives, except that it admits of being raised or lowered, to flatten or sharpen the tone. These whistles are made of different sizes, so as to produce the desired tone corresponding with each note, etc. This completes the machine, with the exception of a cylinder similar to those used in a common hand-organ or music-box, containing cogs, which, when properly prepared, will, when turned by hand or otherwise, operate upon the valves in such a manner as to play any tune desired, by simply changing the position of the cogs, which are intended to be movable. One of these instruments can be heard from ten to twenty-five miles on the water, and every note will be perfect and full. The writer of the above says he heard the inventor play *Rosalie* on it, and it looked like "getting off tall notes" mechanically. He adds: This invention is so completely under the control of the operator, that, were it arranged with a key-board similar to a piano, it would obey the slightest touch, and a child could play slow or quick tunes, every note of which might be heard several miles. It is the design of the inventor to place these instruments upon locomotives and steamboats. It would appear rather novel to John Bull to hear *Yankee Doodle* from one of our ocean steamers as she was about to enter a British port, (say twenty miles,) and it would remind a Yankee of his jack-knife to hear *Sweet Home* from the same vessel on its return to New York or Boston. Should the machine succeed, we shall doubtless, one of these days, see our military companies marching to the notes of a steam band, rolling leisurely along in front of the column. Processions, public demonstrations of all kinds, will be musicked by machinery. No longer will there be occasion for fat gentlemen to wade through dusty streets, blowing their brains out through huge tubes of brass. Our military bands might as well disband at once.

The New York *Musical Review* says: "More than a year since, we called attention to the folly of dubbing every singing-master, or piano teacher a 'Professor of Music,' and are glad to observe that it is abating. As the degree of *Professor of Music* is not conferred in this

country, as it is in Europe, the title legitimately belongs only to those who have received the appointment of *Professor of Music* from a college, or some institution whose charter empowers it to appoint professors. If, as applied to ordinary music-instructors, it means that they *profess* to teach music, we have no objection to its use. We subjoin, in this connexion, a paragraph from the pen of Dr. Gauntlett, published lately in the *Musical World*, in which he defines the several designations applied to musical persons:

"The amateur, the connoisseur, the virtuoso, studies his favorite art for his own pleasure and gratification, but he does no more. The music-master, the preceptor, the pedagogue, studies music with a view to teach the rising generation of either sex; the conductor and choragus are in their way teachers of men; the artist and performer are executants on their particular instrument; the composer and creator of music bring into life, and bring the subject matter for these several characters to exercise themselves therein; the journalist and the critic pass their verdict upon the men and the music; there remains after this classification of musicians, the professor, who, strictly speaking, is one who has taken a degree in his art or profession. Lord Ellenborough once asked a witness what he was; he replied: 'I am a Professor of Music.' 'Where,' said Lord Ellenborough, 'did you take your degree?' 'I have no degree,' was the rejoinder. 'Then, sir,' said this oracle of the law in Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench, 'you are no professor; you may teach music, and in that case you are a music-master; but, without a degree in your art or science, you can not claim the appellation of Professor of Music.'"

Signor Badiali, the well known baritone, who has made so long a stay in America, has returned to Europe. Including the inheritance from his brother, lately deceased, Signor Badiali carries a fortune with him on his return. But few of the old Marti importation of opera singers, says a newspaper, are now left in America. The principal remaining one is Signor Perelli, who has so successfully established himself as a teacher in Philadelphia.

The late Madame de Girardin described the well-known contralto, Mad. Alboni, who is at present exciting the Parisians in the *Prophet*, as "an elephant who swallowed a nightingale."

Among the novelties introduced, or about to be introduced to the music-loving people of New York, is a new American Opera, entitled "Rip Van Winkle," and founded on Washington Irving's great work. The music is by G. F. Bristow, and the libretto by J. H. Wainwright.

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

We refer to the advertisement of this institution on our cover. Mr. Geo. S. Jones has been appointed agent, and he has very wisely fixed his head-quarters at the office of the *Lady's Book*, being the most central position in the city, and the office of Godey's *Lady's Book* is

known throughout the Union. Orders inclosing the money sent to him for any of the Magazines mentioned in the advertisement, will be attended to at once, and the works promptly forwarded, as he will always be on the spot to attend to all orders. Address George S. Jones, office of Goddard's Lady's Book, Philadelphia.

PUBLISHERS' FESTIVAL.

In another part of our Magazine, we have given an extended account of this splendid entertainment. We add a few more interesting passages, gleaned from the "*American Publishers' Circular*:"—"Among the names of guests present, not already mentioned, was Miss Caroline May, Prof. Roemer, F. U. Underwood, P. Hamilton Myers, "Minnie Myrtle," Miss Butt, of Va.

Mr. Bancroft was unfortunately absent in Tennessee. Longfellow, Curtis, Dr. Bellows, and others who had accepted the invitation, were detained by the illness of relatives. The absence of Mr. Everett and Mr. Sumner, which was unexpected until the day of the festival, was of course a great disappointment to the Committee as well as to their guests—especially as it was known that both of those distinguished speakers, as well as Mr. Winthrop, took a special and cordial interest in the occasion, and were anxious to be present. The venerable Dr. J. W. Francis, declined on account of his recent severe affliction—the death of his oldest son.

One of the interesting incidents at the recent Festival was the meeting of Washington Irving with his old friend Moses Thomas, the veteran and much-respected ex-publisher of Philadelphia. Mr. Irving, in his younger days, had been intimate with Mr. Thomas, and cherished for him the highest regard—but it so happened that they had not met for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Irving spoke of the meeting with his old friend, as one of the most unexpected gratifications to him, of a very gratifying and agreeable evening. Mr. Thomas is still in active business as the head of the great auction house of Thomas & Sons, one of the most extensive in the United States.

Miss Hannah F. Gould's invitation, it seems, failed to reach her. On seeing her name among the guests expected, but not present, she wrote the Secretary, Mr. Putnam, a brief note, in which she says: "I see among the names of those 'not heard from,' 'Miss H. Gould.' If this was intended for me, it is probably through the erroneous address that it failed to reach me; it might even have been directed to another place, too. Thus I missed the opportunity of participating in the pleasure of a rare and delightful occasion, and of meeting in the mortal tabernacle of so many *immortals*, with some of whom, I have from my early days, in spirit, been familiar, and cherished them as acquaintances and chosen friends. But my thanks are not the less due for the kindness designed."

Miss Leslie, who had just recovered from a dangerous illness, was present, but had to leave early, through excessive fatigue.

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W. Gilmore Simms could not attend. After stating his reasons in a letter to the Secretary, he adds: "It only remains to declare my great regrets at this disappointment; but I am with you in spirit, and shall heartily rejoice if your approaching festival shall contribute in any way or degree to the good cause of a National Literature, which shall be honorable to our people and worthy of the future. I recognize several among the names of your committee, whom I personally know warmly to sympathize with this cause, and I am happy to find them thus actively demonstrating their interest in it. I trust that you will succeed—that good will come of your present and all future endeavors.

"I write hurriedly, almost in the saddle, and with cramped fingers and a most incorrigible pen. Now, as no good Christian can write good grammar with a bad pen, you will please entertain no unreasonable expectations of mine; but suppose, through justice no less than charity, that my i's are all decently dotted, my t's crossed, and my punctuation what it should be. In construing the grammatical purposes of my scribble, please suppose me to mean, that I heartily sympathize with your objects; honor your efforts; regret that I am not permitted to be with you and share in them."

THE BLIND PREACHER.

One of the most notable incidents of the Publishers' and Authors' Festival in New York, was the address of Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, to which we have before referred.

We find it fully reported, and copy it entire. No one can peruse it without interest and emotion. The address was a response for "The Clergy:"

"MR. PRESIDENT.—In their name I sincerely thank you for your honorable recognition of the Clergy, and perchance that branch of it to which I belong may not be the least worthy to respond to your sentiment, for they were probably the first to penetrate the wilds of the new countries, carrying those precious commodities—books.

"Were the church compared to an army, I should say the other clergymen present belonged to the artillery—and good service are they doing in their permanent positions at the batteries and in the trenches, against our common foes, Ignorance and Sin.

"I happened to be drafted into the Light Brigade, whose service was upon the outskirts of the camp. In a ministry, the twelfth year of which completed itself yesterday, it has fallen to my lot to travel over two hundred thousand miles in the performance of parochial duties.

"Our training began in the saddle, and in lieu of holsters, we carried saddle-bags crammed with books for study and for sale; for our church economy held it a duty of the minister to circulate good books, as well as to preach the Word.

"Let me change the figure. Although we were graduates of Brush College, and the Swamp University, we were always the friends

of a wholesome literature. Picture then a young itinerant, clad in blue jeans, or copperas homespun; his nether extremities adorned with leggings; his head surmounted with a straw hat in summer, a skin cap in winter; dismounting from the finest horse in the settlement, at the door of a log cabin, which may serve as a school-house, or a squatter's home, carefully adjusting on his arm the well-worn leather bookcase. See him, as he enters the house of one room, where is assembled the little congregation of half a dozen, or a dozen hearers—backwoods farmers and hunters, bringing with them their wives and little ones, their hounds and rifles. The religious service is gone through, regularly as in a cathedral. At its close, our young friend opens the capacious pockets of his saddle-bags, displaying on the split bottom chair, which has served him as a pulpit, his little stock of books, to the eager gaze of the foresters. Thus day after day does the circuit rider perform his double duties, as preacher and bookseller. Not a few men of my acquaintance have driven a large trade in this line, turning thereby many an honest penny. The plan was designed to work—as a two-edged sword, cutting both ways—to place a sound religious literature in the homes of the people, and (as we bought at a discount of thirty-three per cent.) to enable men whose salaries were a hundred dollars a year (and who rejoiced greatly if they received half that amount) to provide themselves with libraries. But most of my sales were on credit, and the accounts are still, after eleven years, outstanding. I therefore quitted the business at the end of the first year.

"From this picture, you will see that the relations of the clergy to the book trade, are more intimate than may be generally known.

"But wherefore am I speaking, at a Festival given to Literary Men—a man who cannot read? No one would cast a shade, however slight, upon a joyous scene like this. But if a testimony to the worth of knowledge may be wrung from infirmity, surely a farther personal allusion may be pardoned.

"Time was, when after a fashion I could read, but never with that flashing glance, which instantly transfers a word, a line, a sentence, from the page to the mind. It was the perpetuation of the child's process, a letter at a time, always spelling, never reading truly. Thus for more than twenty years, with the shade upon the brow, the hand upon the cheek, the finger beneath the eye, to make an artificial pupil, with beaded sweat, joining with the hot tears trickling from a weak and paining organ, to blister upon the page, was learning sought. Nevertheless, as I have striven to study my native tongue in Shakespeare's dictionary, and eloquence in the well-nigh inspired page of Milton, or endeavored to look through the sightless sockets, yet light giving mind of Homer upon the plain of Troy; or have sat me at the wayside, with solitary Bartimeas, to hear, if we could not see the Son of Man, I have found that knowledge is its own reward—an exceeding great reward."

"The waters of the fountain of learning are not the less, perhaps more sweet, because mixed with the bitter drops of suffering.

"Gentlemen booksellers, the leaves you scatter are from the tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations. Gentlemen publishers, the well-heads opened in your press-rooms, may send forth streams to refresh and gladden the homes of a continent, so that 'the parched land shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water, and in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with weeds and rushes.'

"But if I magnify the office of a maker and seller of a book, how much more the authors? As Wolfe sadly and sweetly recited Gray's Elegy, upon the St. Lawrence, the night before his glorious fall on the plains of Abraham, he said, 'I would rather have the honor of writing that poem than of taking Quebec to-morrow.' Were I to paraphrase his thought to my wish, it would be thus: Could I have written the *Sketch Book* (turning to Mr. Irving), almost every word of which I had by heart, before I was eight years old; or have sung that ode commencing, 'The Groves were God's first temples,' (turning to Mr. Bryant), which I committed to memory in a saddle on a western prairie, cheerfully would I go through life, binding this badge of infirmity upon my brow, to wear it as a crown; or groping in the unbroken darkness, so were it the Father's will, for threescore years and ten of man's appointed time.

"But what though the Sage's pen and Poet's song be not ours to utter or to wield? Is not the man greater than the author? Nor is theirs any ignoble lot, who are called to learn and show that, 'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'"

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

This beautiful tribute to a "mother," appeared some time since, in the *Portland Transcript*.—As we grow older the heart turns itself back to the days of childhood, and warms with a truer, deeper, tenderer love for the mother who suffered for, and toiled, and cared for us in the years of our helplessness:

"Mother, I write these hasty lines,
To tell you, tho' away,
Among my many cares, I ne'er
Forget your natal day.
I think as every year rolls round
How time is passing on;
And realize that you will soon,
From board and hearth be gone.

"Mother, the years seem short and few
Since you were young as I,
And minister'd to all the wants
Of helpless infancy.
I often think, as round your brow
I see the thin grey hairs,
How I have help'd to bleach those locks,
By adding to your cares.

"I was a grave, reflecting child,
And yet I never thought,
The lines fast deepening on your brow
Maternal love had wrought.

I tasted constantly the fruits
Of your incessant care,
Yet never realized the weight
Which every day must bear.

"Mother, forgive the thoughtlessness
And sin I here avow;
My daily duties lead my mind
To think upon 't now.
I see you bending 'neath the weight
Of many a painful year,
And often wish it in my power
Your latter days to cheer.

"It sometimes strengthens me for care,
And quells a mental strife,
To think how quietly you bore
The various ills of life.
Would that your daughter had a tithe
Of what you once possessed;
The calm, forbearing gentleness
That filled her mother's breast

"Mother, be this your comfort now,
At threescore years and ten,
That your example ever taught
Good will and peace to men!
That all your children, while the gifts
Of mind and life are theirs,
Will turn to you with filial love,
And bless you for your cares."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS. BY RICHARD HILDRETH.
Author of the "History of the United States," &c. Boston:
Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A book rich in entertainment and instruction—the cream of many volumes through which the author has toiled with the perseverance of a historian. In preparing his book, Mr. Hildreth has followed the historic method, and let the reader see Japan with the successive eyes of all those who have visited it, and have committed their observations and reflections to paper and print. So much of the curious is presented, that even the superficial reader, and the seeker after novelty, cannot fail to be lured on from page to page, until the volume is ended. A map, full index, and glossary, give value to the work, and make it the more acceptable to the student of history.

ART HINTS. ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING. BY JAMES JACKSON JARVIS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

An American book of confident pretension on the subject of art, embracing its rules, abstract principles, and social relations, presupposes either great ability or great presumption in the author. To which of these the public are indebted for the present work, our art-knowledge does not enable us to decide. We notice that the "Crayon" is far from being satisfied with the performance. But all must, we think, concede to the author the possession of good literary abilities, and an earnest devotion to his subject. The book is one that ought to be criticised closely, because it involves principles of taste, and the teacher of these should not fail to have truth on his side. If he have correct ideas of art, he can bear the ordeal.

SARGENT'S STANDARD SERIES OF SCHOOL READERS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The literary taste, ability, and experience of Mr. Epes Sargent, rendered him one of the most competent men in our country for the preparation of a series like this, and its popularity proves the excel-

lence of the compilations. We have now before us the second, third, fourth, and fifth progressive volumes of this work, which are designed for reading in public and private schools, and in families. Besides the reading exercises, they contain a summary of rules for pronunciation and elocution, with numerous exercises for reading and recitation. Better books for the purpose can hardly be made.

ASPIRATION: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GIRLHOOD. By MRS. MANNERS. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co.

The purpose of this volume is worthy of all commendation, and the writer is one fully competent to the task assumed. It is a book we can safely recommend. "It was my hope," says the author in her brief preface, "that I might appeal to all thoughtful, single-minded school girls, by this faithful story of a school girl's experience; that I might show them the quicksands in their path, the false lights which delude them, and lead them prayerfully to 'the satisfying One,' whose 'holy perfectings for all requirements' can alone meet their needs. The undefined dissatisfaction which creeps into the soul, as it makes advances in all earthly knowledge, and the unconscious reaching out for the Divine Ideal, which marks an earnest nature, is the unwritten history of every student. To teach such that not wealth, nor position, nor beauty, nor intellectual elevation, nor friendship, nor love, can dispel this dissatisfaction, is the aim of my book. I have tried to be faithful to the same, advancing into a cultivated maturity of womanhood."

THE RHYME AND REASON OF A COUNTRY LIFE; Or, Selections from Fields Old and New. By the Author of "Rural Homes." New York: Geo. P. Putnam.

Miss Cooper has given us another of her charming volumes on country life; in the present instance, a choice garland of poetry, made up of flowers from many fields. After a carefully written, philosophic introduction, the reader is presented with Chaucer's charming fairy tale, "The Flower and the Leaf."—To this succeeds poems on various subjects, as "The Bee;" "Spring;" "Morning;" "Lark and Nightingale;" "May;" "The Flock;" "The Garden;" "Summer;" "The Forest;" "Birds;" "The Butterfly;" "The Streams;" "Fairies;" &c., &c. The selections under these heads make over four hundred, and are from the best authors, ancient and modern. The volume is fitly inscribed to W. C. Bryant.

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper & Brothers.

If every father and mother would procure this book, and read it carefully, they would come into possession of facts in regard to the human body, and the laws of health, that would be of inestimable value. Ignorance on physiological subjects is wide-spread among our people, and yet knowledge in this direction is of the most vital importance. All who contribute to its attainment do a good service.

HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. From the French of BUNGEKE, author of "The Priest and the Huguenot." Edited from the second London edition; with a summary of the Acts of the Council. By JOHN MCCLINTOCK, B.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The session and decrees of the famous "Council of Trent," form one of the most important events in modern history. Dogmas and doctrines of the Church of Rome, floating about among priests and people, and questioned or approved by different powers or parties, were now stamped with the seal of authority, and have ever since been the standard of faith in that Church. The history and progressive acts of this assembly must, therefore, possess the deepest interest. The volume before us relates, in the fullest manner, what took place at each of the sessions of

the Council. No student of theology should fail to read it thoroughly.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLE-HILLS: Or, Recollections of a Burnt Journal. By FRANK MAREYATT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Another book of adventures in California, with a series of grave and comic illustrations. The author tells his story in a pleasant way, and makes a very entertaining volume.

LETTERS TO THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF NEW YORK. Revised and Enlarged. By KIRWAN. New York: Harper & Bros.

These "Letters," from one who was educated a Roman Catholic, but afterwards seceded from that religious denomination, have already had a wide circulation, not only in the English, but in the German, French, and Spanish languages. For a few years, they were in the exclusive possession of the Board of Publication of Philadelphia, but are now sent forth into the broader and more widely extending avenues of trade. They have attracted a great deal of attention, both among Catholics and Protestants.

WALKNA: Or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. By SAMUEL A. BARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Sixty Illustrations.)

This narrative of adventures, while passing through Harper's Magazine, was received with much favor. It is well worth preservation, and is in handsome book form. The illustrations are admirably done; and the story of life among the natives told with a happy blending of instruction with entertainment.

MEMOIRS OF S. S. PRENTISS. Edited by his Brother. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner.

To all who have taken an interest in politics during the past twenty years, the name of Mr. Prentiss is familiar. The bold, manly positions he espoused in public affairs, the fervor of his eloquence, and the power of his logic when in debate, gave him a prominence in the public eye, from the time of his first entrance into political life. His splendid debut in Congress, in 1838, when, in what is known as the Mississippi contested election case, he claimed his seat in the House, and came off triumphant, is well remembered. Mr. Prentiss, though a New England man, became, through residence at the south, identified with southern men and measures. This memoir, embracing private as well as public correspondence, and large details of personal history, will be sought for and read with no common interest.

THE MIRROR: Or, A Delineation of Different Classes of Christians. By Rev. J. B. JETER, D. D., Richmond, Va. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman.

A series of discourses, portraying various classes of Christians, as, "Useful Christians;" "Happy Christians;" "Doubting Christians;" "Indolent Christians;" "Frivolous Christians;" &c., &c. The sketches are drawn with a faithful pencil.

PANAMA IN 1855. An Account of the Panama Railroad, and of the Cities of Panama and Aspinwall; with sketches of Life and Character on the Isthmus. By ROBERT TOWNES. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Books of this class are always acceptable; for the superficial way in which newspaper accounts of new enterprises and new countries are read, leaves often but indistinct impressions on the mind. Here we have condensed descriptions of things as they exist on the Isthmus, with pictures of habits and manners, scenery, &c., in a compact form, a thing desired by a large number of persons. The book is written in a pleasant, sprightly vein.

THE NEWCOMES. Edited by ARTHUR PENNENNIS, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This last work by Thackeray, has already reached a large number of readers through the pages of

Harpers' Magazine. It is now presented in one handsome octavo volume, with all the liberal and peculiar illustrations. Of its particular merits we are not yet prepared to speak, but the author is far too well known to American readers, to require any indorsement at our hands. The best we can do for the book, is to give it this announcement.

THE DESERTED WIFE. By Mrs. ENNA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Through remarkable dramatic skill as a writer, Mrs. Southworth has won, in a very short time, a prominent position as a writer of fiction. Her descriptions and portraitures are exceedingly vivid, and all she writes has a captivating power over the imagination. We cannot, however, as said on previous occasions, regard her novels as affecting a high moral result. We do not believe they are good reading for the home circle; and their fascination renders them the more objectionable. For the sake of the writer, we wish that we could, conscientiously, give a different opinion. The "Deserted Wife" is one of her most skillful productions.

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN. A complete narrative of the War in Southern Russia, written in a text in the Crimea. By Maj. E. BRUCE HAMLEY, author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood." Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This clear, strong, and full history of the campaign in the Crimea, first appeared in the pages of Blackwood, and attracted deserved attention, as giving the most satisfactory connected account of the progress of the war in the East. It was written on the spot by an officer of the English army, and places the reader almost in the position of an eye witness to the scenes described. Beginning with the movement to the Crimea, it describes the first operations there; the battle of the Alma; the occupation of Balaklava; the attack thereon; the battle of Inkermann, &c., &c.; bringing the reader down to the period of the Czar's death. To those who have not been able to retain in the memory a clear, connected history of this terrible campaign, as well as to those who wish to review the whole series of events, this volume will be found alike valuable. The style in which it is written, makes the narrative the more attractive.

EVENINGS WITH THE PROPHETS. A series of Meditations and Meditations. By Rev. A. MORTON BROWN, LL. D., Cheltenham. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

Including something like a biography of the Old Testament prophets, with an outline of the most remarkable prophecies, the author has endeavored to throw some light on the prophecies, and to ascertain their import by comparing one portion of the scriptures with another. The fulfillment of prophecy is mainly looked for in historical events, rather than in the states of the church, indicated by names and nations. But, in this, the author does not deviate from most ecclesiastical writers, when treating of prophecy and its fulfillment. His book is earnestly and eloquently written, and the portraits of the prophets, with the incidents recorded of their lives, are presented with new attractions to the general reader.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN. By GEO. C. BALDWIN, D. D. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Co.

A series of lectures on the Female characters of the Bible, delivered in Troy by Rev. Mr. Baldwin, are here collected in a handsome volume, under the title of "Representative Women." The author classifies them as Eve, the tempted and fallen; Sarah, the loving and deferential; Rebecca, the managing woman; Miriam the prophetess; Abigail, the representative of superior women married to inferior men; Endor's witch, of female spiritualists; Elizabeth, of believing wives; and Mary, the type of maternal

tenderness and devotion. In portraying these various characters, much skill is displayed, and much instructive matter introduced. The volume is one that will find an acceptable welcome in a wide circle.

A MEMOIR OF REV. SIDNEY SMITH. By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND; with a selection from his letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. Two vols. New York: Harper & Bros.

A couple of pleasant volumes, from which no one can fail to glean much that is amusing and instructive. The character of Sidney Smith, as portrayed by his daughter, is a genial one. He had a fund of good sense and good humor, both of which were ever displayed in his home and social intercourse. The mode of life, the habits, the thought and feelings, the conversation, the occupation of the man, are all set forth in an artless, earnest way; and the selections from his letters give a still deeper insight into his character. We have marked many passages for selection, but shall have to defer their insertion to another time. Mr. Smith did not enter the pulpit from choice, but at the wish of his father. His predilections were in another direction. But, having assumed the high office of a clergyman, he sought from both honor and conscience, to do his duty faithfully.

MY BROTHER; Or, The Man of Many Friends. By Mrs. Ellis, author of the "Women of England." New York: Anson D. Randolph.

A deeply instructive story of social and domestic life. Mrs. Ellis will always command a wide circle of appreciative and thoughtful readers.

A VOICE TO AMERICA; Or, The Model Republic, Its Glory or Its Fall. With a review of the Causes of the Decline and Failure of the Republics of South America, Mexico, and the Old World; applied to the present crisis in the United States. New York: Edward Walker.

This book is made up of a series of articles, by writers of ability, on various subjects involving the social and political interests of our people. The book is well conceived, and appears to be ably executed. The subjects discussed, are "The United States—Prospective and Retrospective;" "The Ancient Republics;" "Mexico and the South American States;" "The Anglo Saxon Races and Liberty;" "Religious Toleration;" "The Bible the Charter of Liberty;" "The Right of the Majority to Rule;" "Secret Societies;" "Naturalization Laws," &c., &c. Embracing nearly thirty different papers. A large amount of valuable information on our social and political economy is contained in the book.

A SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF. New York: Charles Scribner.

This volume is a translation from the German of two lectures delivered at Berlin, with a report read before the German Church Diet at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the fall of 1854. It is the recorded observations on America, of a close observer and close thinker, biased by national prejudices, and still more so, by sectarian predilections. The book is well worth perusal, and will be read extensively by those of the German Reformed Church in this country. There are some of the prevailing sects that will not altogether relish his account of them.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ENGLISH LIFE. A Novel. By the Authoress of "Clara Cameron," "The Belle of the Season." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is no flash novel for the superficial excitement-lover, but a genuine story of English life, with its lights and shadows; healthy in sentiment, and natural in its portrayments. We are pleased to note, that the house from which this book comes, rarely publish a work to which exception can be taken on the score of pandering to a corrupt taste.

T. B. Peterson has published new and cheap Editions of "The Sea King," by Marryat; "Martin

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Chuzzlewit," by Dickens; "Charles O'Malley," by Lever; and "Six Years Later," by Dumas. Also, "The School-boy, and other Stories by the Christmas Fire," by Dickens; and "The Yellow Mask," from Household Words.

PERFUMERY.

G. F. Merchant, at the sign of the "Golden Bell," 567 Broadway, New York, keeps a choice assortment of perfumery, soap, &c. He will furnish catalogues to merchants throughout the country, on application.

NAPOLEON'S VILLA, SAN MARTINO, ELBA.

"This cottage, placed in the centre of considerable vineyards, offered a most picturesque aspect. A torrent murmured at its side. Seated at the foot of a mountain surrounded by verdure, the sight could embrace at the same moment the animated development of the city and the port, the vast extent of sea where floated the flags of divers nations, and, in a misty distance, the shores of ancient Etruria.

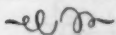
"This villa received the nickname of St. Cloud, and was regarded by the soldiers as their own property. Often would they amuse themselves by assisting at the vintage on its grounds, and sometimes even consume the grapes, while the Emperor would stand at a distance and smile at these petty thefts. The Emperor also partook in the amusements of his subjects. He presided at their races and their dances, distributing with his own hand the prizes to the victors.

"At dinner, which was graced by his sister, he generally received as guests, any strangers of distinction, some of the principal inhabitants of the island, and officers of the household. Drouot invariably dined at the palace; but the grand marshal, whose wife and family were lodged at the Hotel de Ville, only attended occasionally. To the hour of this repast, the Emperor was very punctual, and Madam Bertrand, who did not include that quality amongst her many good ones, on more than one occasion found the meal nearly over before her arrival. The short time devoted to it by the Emperor is proverbial, and often many of his guests had scarce commenced when he himself had finished.

"The evening was devoted to social amusements. The Emperor would play sometimes with his mother at chess, paying and exacting the stakes that were lost or won with great precision. On one occasion, having been the victor of several games from his mother, he was heard to say to her, playfully: 'Payez vos dettes, Madame.' At these times plays were acted by the Princess Pauline, the ladies of the court, and the officers of the guard. A deserted barrack near the palace was turned into a theatre, and here were represented the plays, 'Les Fausses Infidelites,' and 'Les Folies Amoureuses.' One of the actors, a native, is still resident at Elba. He is now captain of the port at Porto Ferrajo.

"Thus passed the life of the Emperor for some months of his stay; but at length the 'res augusta domi,' the want of money occasioned by the non-payment of the sums stipulated, began to be severely felt. At first, the little that had been saved from his private revenue, seized by the Bourbon government at Orleans, had sufficed to support his expenses; but when, little by little, that sum had dwindled away, the distress naturally consequent on the disreputable want of honesty of the government of France became very great. The revenues arising from the island were all that the Emperor possessed, and these were by no means equal to meet the expenses of his household, army, and government.—[The Island Empire.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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GENUINE MEDICINAL
COD LIVER OIL
 PREPARED FROM
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 AT THE OLD ESTABLISHMENT,
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 AND
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For an adult a teaspoonful three times a day, an hour or two after each meal. In some cases it may be necessary to commence with smaller doses and increase them gradually, as it agrees with many better at first in small quantities; others can increase the dose to three or four tablespoonfuls. For children the dose is from a half teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, increased according to their age.

The Oil put up by me is warranted equal in quality and purity to that heretofore put up by my Father.

N. B.—As I am the sole Proprietor of Rushton's Cod Liver Oil, I hereby caution all persons purchasing Oil to observe that my name is in full on each label, and my signature over the cork of each bottle, without which none is genuine.

Notice.—No other parties are authorized to use the name of Rushton, either solely or in connection with any others.

FREDERICK V. RUSHTON.

The genuine Rushton's Oil may be known by the above Label.

Cod Liver oil is the only Remedy for Scrofula and Pulmonary Consumption that has ever gained and sustained the reputation of a cure for these diseases. It is now about 40 years since it was first introduced by the Profession in Germany, and soon after it became known in Great Britain, while its use in this country was very limited until within a few years. No remedy has ever passed through a more rigid investigation than this, and it would never have sustained its reputation without being possessed of the greatest merit. The action of Cod Liver Oil on the system is very simple. It combines nutritious with remedial qualities; thus repairing the waste of the organism while removing the disease. Its action in SCROFULA is still more strikingly beneficial. This disease is but the precursor of Consumption, inasmuch as it arises from the same cause, but modified by the earlier period of life at which it exists.

This Medicinal Oil was introduced into this country by my father, the late Wm. L. Rushton, and I possess all the facilities which he introduced for procuring a pure and genuine article.

FREDERICK V. RUSHTON.

Red, Gray or Rusty Hair,

DYED INSTANTLY A BEAUTIFUL AND NATURAL BROWN OR BLACK,

WITHOUT THE LEAST INJURY TO HAIR OR SKIN.

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Has been awarded 15 Medals and Diplomas since 1839, and over 80,000 applications of it have been made to the hair of his patrons.

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as represented, notwithstanding that no other dye can produce the effect, without injury. Twenty years of constant observation justify me in guaranteeing perfect satisfaction in every instance.

No scrutiny can detect the difference between natural brown or black hair and that dyed with Batchelor's Hair Dye.

NO PREJUDICE NEED DETER

any one from using the Dye, to correct the disfigurement on Gray, Red, or Rusty Hair or Whiskers, any more than to cover a bald head with a wig. The means are sure, safe and easy.

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MADE OF PURE LINEN PAPER,

Or have them made to order, Ruled to any pattern, and Paged

ALSO, ON HAND,

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COPYING INK.

PRINTING

Of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed, such as

Bill-Heads, Way-Bills, Bills of Lading,

Together with all useful articles in the Stationery line, at the lowest market prices, at

WILLIAM H. MAURICE'S,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BLANK BOOK AND STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT,
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THE LOVERS.





THE LOVERS.

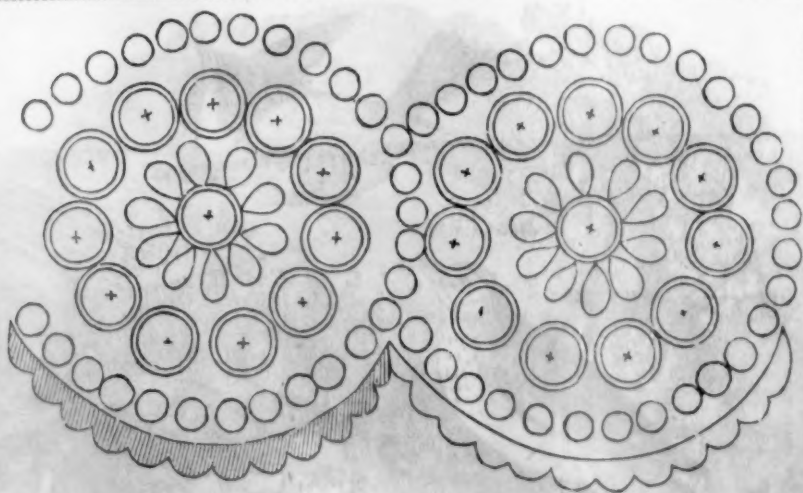


THE FOUNTAIN

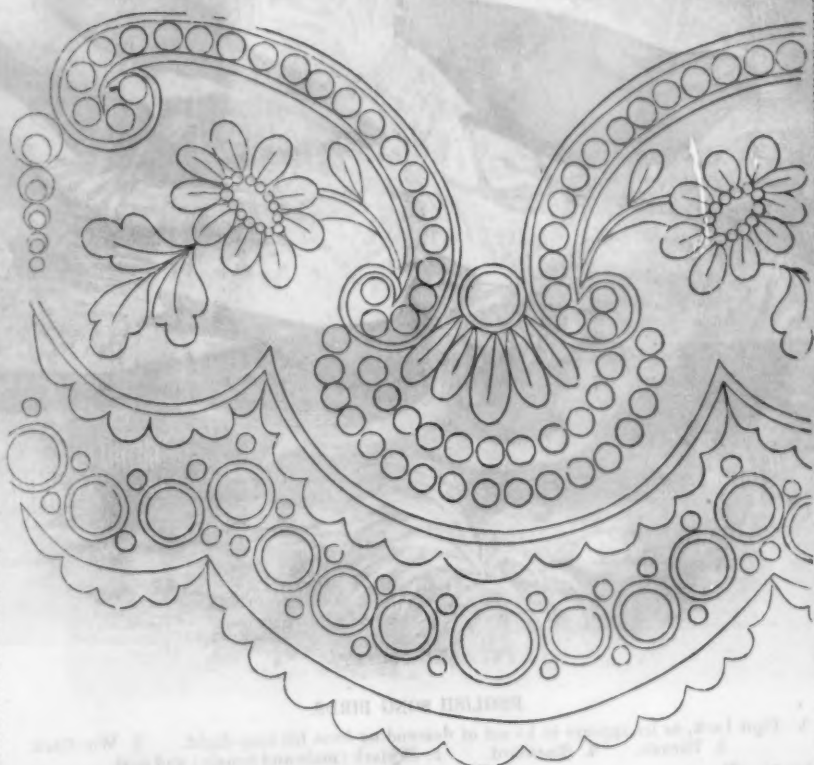


ENGLISH SONG BIRDS.

1. Pipit Lark, as he appears in the act of descending from his song-flight. 2. Woodlark.
 3. Thrush. 4. Blackbird. 5. Skylark (male and female) and nest.



UNDERSLEEVES IN BROIDERIE ANGLAISE



ELEGANT PATTERN FOR SKIRT.



PET AND PUSSY.

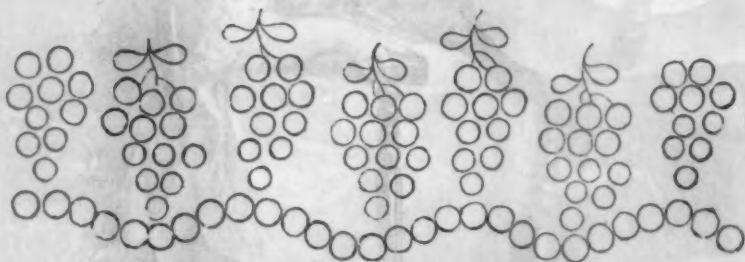
Patterns for Needlework.



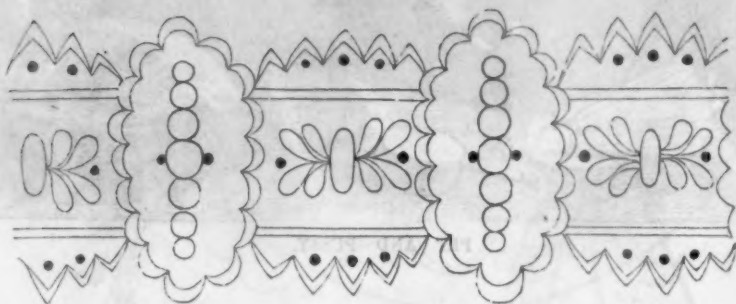
FOR CHILD'S SKIRT.



INSERTION FOR A ROBE.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL, WITH WHITE ZEPHYR WOOL.



SHIRT BOSOM EMBROIDERED BETWEEN FOLDS OF LINEN.



LITTLE BOY'S DRESS.



FASHIONABLE BONNET.



MUSLIN SET.



INFANT'S ROBE.



FANCY CAP.



IN A PASSION.

[See page 315.